OL' BLUE EYES TURNS EIGHTY
ANDREW FERGUSON

the weekly Standard

DECEMBER 11, 1995 $2.95

BOSNIA BILL

Elliott Abrams

Robert Kagan

Everett Carll Lad

Norman Podhoretz

Matthew Rees

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the weekly Standard

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THE WEEKLY STANDARD (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly, except for two issues combined into one in August and December, by News America Publishing Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10036. Application to mail at Second-class postage is pending at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Send subscription orders to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153. Yearly subscriptions, $79.96; Canadian, $99.96; foreign postage extra. Cover price, $2.95 ($3.50 Canadian); double issues, $3.95 ($4.50 Canadian). Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Subscribers: Please send all remittances, address changes, and subscription inquiries to: THE WEEKLY STANDARD, Customer Service, P.O. Box 710, Radnor, PA 19088-0710. If possible include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. For subscription customer service, call 1-800-983-7600. Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Weekly Standard Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is (202) 293-4900. Advertising Production: call Natalie Harwood, (610) 293-8540. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 930, Radnor, PA 19088-0930. Copyright 1995, News America Publishing Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in THE WEEKLY STANDARD may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. THE WEEKLY STANDARD is a trademark of News America Publishing Incorporated.

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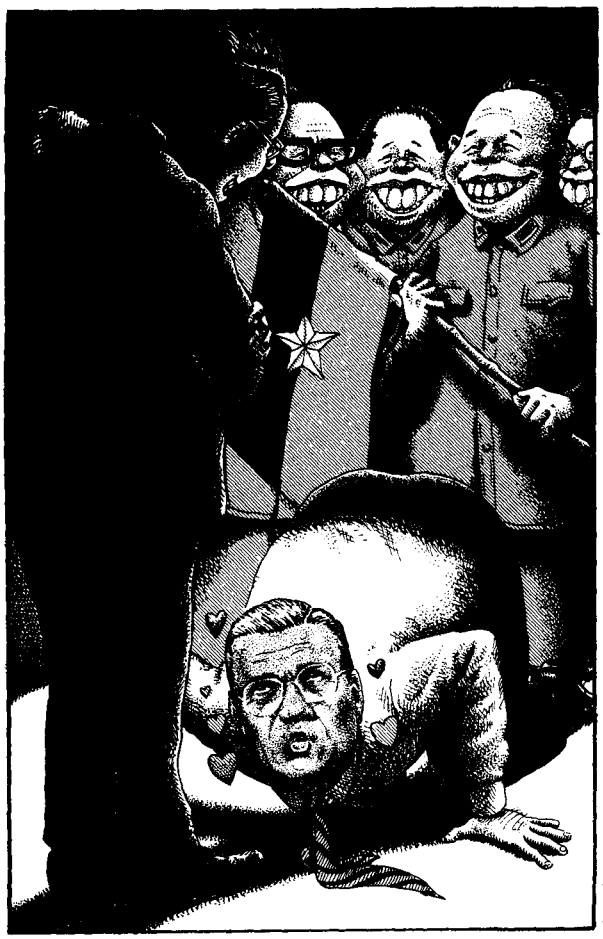
A Taxing Problem for Jack Kemp

What is Jack Kemp going to do with the commission on tax reform he's chairing? The commission, assembled in the spring to help unify the Republican message on taxes, holds its last session in December, and there's no consensus on what to recommend. But Kemp wants to deliver a full-fledged, comprehensive reform plan when the commission issues its report to Bob Dole and Newt Gingrich in January.

This concerns Dole. We hear that Dole campaign manager Scott Reed, a former Kemp aide who helped bring the commission to life, sent Kemp a memo outlining a three-step approach. First, indict the current tax system and develop public animosity toward it. Second, issue general principles for tax reform. Third, promulgate a specific plan.

Dole aides fear Kemp will jump directly to step 3, skipping 1 and 2. And Dole fears this would give his primary opponents chances to attack him for, say, wanting "to take away the home mortgage deduction." If that happens, don't expect Kemp to be Treasury secretary in the Dole administration.

Robert McNamara in Vietnam



Sean Delonas

And Speaking of Kemp...

The Weekly Standard has learned that a major Republican polling firm surveyed New Hampshire Republicans last week on behalf of Jack Kemp. The poll found interest among New Hampshirites in the possibility of a new entrant to the GOP field, and good approval ratings for Kemp. But Kemp has informed associates that the results weren't compelling enough for him to reverse his decision not to run.

Now Kemp has to decide whether to endorse Bob Dole or to keep his promise of last spring and support Steve Forbes, who served as head of Kemp's Empower America. Kemp will probably stay neutral for now. Meanwhile, Forbes's rise (reliable polls show him second in both Iowa and New Hampshire) has caused concern among his rivals. Look for Lamar Alexander, for one, to start attacking Forbes, since Alexander's strategy depends on a second-place finish in Iowa, where Forbes now looms as an obstacle.

But maybe Iowa won't matter so much anyway. Phil Gramm's campaign is quietly celebrating last week's federal court decision upholding the February 6 Louisiana GOP caucus. Gramm is strong in Louisiana, and despite efforts by the other campaigns to discount Louisiana's importance, a real live caucus victory for Gramm a week before Iowa could affect the dynamics of the presidential race. On Thursday, the Iowa GOP asked the presidential candidates to sign a pledge to ignore Louisiana. If that doesn't work, Iowa Governor Branstad—a Dole supporter—may move the Iowa cau-

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Scrapbook

cus ahead of Louisiana, to late January. And then Gramm will spend the whole month of January in isolationist Iowa beating up Dole for supporting Clinton's Bosnia intervention.

Standard Mailbag

Would the anonymous seminarian who keeps offering us multi-crayola'ed screeds on the outside of his envelope (the latest of which reads "Watch out!... POWER SEEKERS... Pride.....The Self Righteousness of the Right.....Satan Begone!!") please include a return address on your next correspondence? Your restraining order's ready.

Don't Be Like Henry

Here's something Henry Kissinger is more upset over than last week's cover of The Weekly Standard: a new TV movie about his negotiations with the North Vietnamese in 1972. *Kissinger and Nixon*, which airs Sunday, December 10, on TNT, offers a rare depiction of the then-national security adviser losing sight of the interests of the South Vietnamese as he grows more insistent on making a deal with Le Duc Tho. The movie, a sophisticated piece of political theater, has outraged Kissinger; in a letter to *TV Guide*, he decries the movie's portrayal of "a reptilian Kissinger [conning] a boozing, anti-Semitic Nixon into peace talks with Hanoi." Kissinger has a point about Beau Bridges's irresponsible portrayal of Nixon; the depiction of him here is false and repugnant. But writer Lionel Chetwynd does Kissinger full justice as a brilliant negotiator, player, and thinker concerned about the loss of American lives—as well as demonstrating his well-documented ability to manipulate the press and take his negotiations farther than his boss wanted. "The film brazenly reverses history," Kissinger writes. No, it doesn't. Chetwynd is careful to avoid the charge that Kissinger was seeking a "decent interval" before the North Vietnamese would sweep in and subsume the South. He just portrays the Paris Peace Accords as a disaster, and they were.

The Reading List

As some American soldiers ready for war, here are a few great works about the ambiguities of being a soldier:

The Iliad, by Homer. The founding document of Western literature features what is still its most subtle depiction of false manhood: the supposedly brave and noble Achilles, who spends much of the war in his tent, sulking. Just because a man looks the part of a hero, and has the equipment to prove it, doesn't mean he is one.

Henry V, by William Shakespeare. Though the English win a great war against France, rallied by their king's call to arms for England and St. George, Shakespeare begins the play by making sure we understand the war is an unnecessary act of barbarism, foisted upon the king by greedy churchmen eager to expand their tax base.

War and Peace, by Leo Tolstoy. "Hurrah!" shouts young Petya, whose life we have followed over the course of a thousand preceding pages, as he enters the battlefield for the first time—and is instantly shot and killed.

Duck Soup, by the Marx Brothers. Do "Freedonia" and "Sylvania" remind you of, say, "Serbia" and "Bosnia"?

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Super-Predators and Religion

I agreed with John J. DiIulio, Jr.'s identification of "moral poverty" as a root cause for much crime and his logical identification of religion as part of the solution ("The Coming of the Super-Predators," Nov. 27). But I shuddered at his conclusion that we must "be willing to use public funds to empower local religious institutions."

I am a great fan of DiIulio's approach to crime and punishment, but he should look into the true state of publicly funded churches. Although there may be isolated exceptions here and there, in general, he will find spiritless, shrinking institutions. Public funds are pure poison, with strings attatched.

More Christians, Jews, and Muslims need to be spiritually motivated to be good stewards—that is, givers of money, time, and talent in their local churches, synagogues, and mosques. Look back and see how many great universities, hospitals, and orphanages were started as church work. The spiritual spark needs to be revived. But a "pollution" of public funds would only delay or destroy such a needed revival.

RALPH KINNEY BENNETT
WASHINGTON, DC

As any demographer can show, John J. DiIulio, Jr., is right on the mark in recognizing the increased number of violent crimes by juveniles. As these youngsters become a larger portion of the population, the corresponding increase in crime must be expected.

DiIulio's option of federal funding for religious institutions to assist in damming the flood is not a cure-all. The solution to violent crime in youths is more obscure than teaching children the virtue of living a good Christian life.

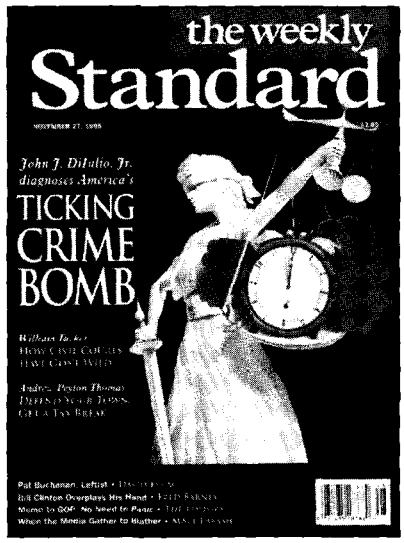
We need to stop questioning how much welfare the taxpayers must subsidize and instead focus on why there is a welfare system. As long as there is no work available at decent wages, not only will the welfare state stay intact, but we will continue to see rising rates of violent acts committed by the children who see no hope of a better life.

SEAN ASBURY
CROFTON, MD

John J. DiIulio, Jr.'s article tackled head-on some of the moral and social issues confronting our country. Not only did DiIulio accurately describe the juvenile "ticking crime bomb" in our nation, but, more importantly, he provided an effective countermeasure—based on both empirical evidence and common sense—to that bomb: religion.

Religion's success in instilling character and conscience in its adherents, as well as the call for religion not only by criminal-justice-system observers but by the prisoners *themselves*, supports DiIulio's case.

For too long, Americans (our intel-



lectual and liberal elites in particular) have refused to look at the real reasons behind our nation's problems. It is nice for a change to read articles digging beneath the economic surface to reveal the roots of our problems.

ROBERT SIEDLECKI, JR.
STAMFORD, CT

John J. DiIulio, Jr.'s article performs a service by focusing on that which few wish to talk about. He shows great courage in suggesting that more support for religion might contribute to the solution.

It takes no study to conclude that children who are abused, are fatherless, and have little stability in their lives are at risk for engaging in criminal activity. What might be instructive is why children from middle-class neighborhoods, living above the poverty level, develop addictive behavior and engage in criminal activities.

ARTHUR ILLIANO, JR.
EFFORT, PA

Arianna's Compassion

I am alarmed by Arianna Huffington's big-government rhetoric ("Why Newt Must Run," Nov. 27) in a conservative magazine.

For example, in discussing what's wrong with the Republican revolution, she quips, "[T]hey offer nothing to fulfill the public longing to live in a better nation, one in which compassion and community are at least as important as economic efficiency." "Compassion" in this context can only mean the propensity of politicians to spend other people's money, bribing their constituents to reelect them.

What's going on here? Surely your magazine doesn't really believe that the Republicans are going to win by hijacking the Democrats' age-old welfare-statist rhetoric.

KEITH WEINER
NEW CITY, NY

Revisiting Harvard

As graduate students of color in Harvard's Department of Government, we read Elena Neuman's article "Harvard's Sins of Admission" (Oct. 9) with interest and disappointment. We were interested in how Neuman would support such accusations, and disappointed by the fallacious assumptions and factual errors which made the article a poor excuse for a polemic.

The article is based on a patently false premise: that the admissions process at Harvard is based only on "quantifiable" criteria and race. Unfortunately, also relevant are the personal statement, letters of recommendation, and proposed field of study.

Despite Professor Harvey Mansfield's opinion, "race norming" at Harvard is a myth. Gary King not only confirms that minority applicants regularly appear on the primary list of admitted students, but details how this selection process is race-neutral.

Most minority students in our department come to Harvard with fel-

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lowships they have won in national competition. Affirmative-action policies are designed to remedy an enduring legacy of de facto discrimination in this country. Notwithstanding feeble efforts such as Neuman's, this legacy cannot be trivialized, and affirmative-action policies remain the only way that qualified minorities will have the access and opportunity they so richly deserve.

LARRY HAMLET, STEPHEN MARSHALL, ERIC NARCISSE, JOAO RESENDE-SANTOS, A.J. ROBINSON, ALVIN TILLERY, JR.
CAMBRIDGE, MA

ELENA NEUMAN RESPONDS: No doubt my article has caused some students to wonder which of Harvard's admissions lists they were on. But their complaints of inaccuracy are unfounded.

First, I do not deny that some minorities get admitted to Harvard's government department in a "race-neutral" manner. I simply report Gary King's own account of Harvard's complicated three-level admissions process. Nowhere has Professor King disputed the basic facts as I presented them.

Of course, many students, minority and non-minority alike, receive outside awards. But the real issue is this: that Harvard's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences doles out far more generous awards to *all* underrepresented minority students, *irrespective* of need.

Finally, I am surprised that graduate students of political science are so unfamiliar with the law as to believe that affirmative-action policies exist to remedy "an enduring legacy of de facto discrimination."

Such policies may be used only as a means to correct specific, provable cases of discrimination, and cannot be applied broadly to remedy discrimination by society over time.

GO PAT GO!

In his diatribe against Pat Buchanan ("Patrick J. Buchanan, Left-Winger," Nov. 27), David Frum confuses the interests of conservatism with the interests of Wall Street. Apparently, Frum worships at the shrine of the corporate bottom line whose sacraments are free trade, unrestricted immigration, and multilateralism.

In contrast to the Wall Street conservatism of Frum, Buchanan represents the insurgent conservatism of Main Street. This "conservatism of the heart" unites small businessmen, social conservatives, Reagan blue-collar workers, and Perot independents on the issues of protecting the borders, overturning racial quotas, political reform, a nationalist foreign policy, traditionalist values, and limited government.

MARSHALL WITTMANN
SILVER SPRING, MD

Many thanks to David Frum, Arianna Huffington, and the Bluffalo Bills (Bennett and Kristol) for your loving concern about the conservative wing of our Republican party.

After flying in V formation with you for years, many of us who, strange as it may seem, also have the interests of the party at heart have decided not to go South with you this year. We've grown up now and know our own minds.

We are going to stay up North and fight out the winter with our new leader, that "left-wing" mallard Pat Buchanan. We'll all survive to enjoy the rewards of spring, while poor Mrs. Huffin'puff will probably still be struggling to decide who her conservative Republican "savior of the month" will be after cut-out Colin and no-way Newt. Go Pat Go!

JON AND JEANNE TUTICH
SAN GABRIEL, CA

CREDITING COMMUNITIES

Andrew Peyton Thomas's endorsement of Neighborhood Watch programs as a method of combating the increase in violent crimes ("The Case for an American Frankpledge," Nov. 27) is welcome. His suggestion that the federal government encourage such programs by offering a tax credit is not. Monkeying with the tax code to offer an incentive for this or that worthy activity has given us thousands of pages of regulations incomprehensible to the ordinary citizen, and full employment for accountants and lawyers.

Rather than seeking to add yet another section to the tax code, Thomas's efforts would be better spent working towards the kind of flat-tax, postcard-sized 1040 envisaged by Steve Forbes.

ANTONY F. P. VICKERY
PHOENIXVILLE, PA

NOT THE END OF IDEOLOGY

In the 1950s and 1960s, certain liberal theoreticians happily surveyed the intellectual disarray of the American right and predicted an "end of ideology." They were a bit premature. Now that conservatives are riding high on the ideological seesaw, they appear equally determined to deny legitimacy to any competing political framework.

David Brooks's article "The Land Beyond Left and Right" (Oct. 2) concluded that no such land could possibly exist. Now comes Andrew Ferguson ("Democratic Complex," Nov. 27), who attended the annual conference of the Democratic Leadership Council and the Progressive Policy Institute and found the whole thing just too complicated to describe.

Since Ferguson finds our thinking "incredibly complex," and full of "more paradoxes than a book of koans," we would be happy to bring out the hand puppets and explain it to him at his convenience.

Alternatively, he could read John DiIulio's article "The Coming of the Super-Predators"—a textbook "third way" analysis of crime policy: It defies categorization, but it is hardly an example of mushy moderation, either. It is the sort of tough-minded problem-solving that would appeal to a "radical middle" in the electorate.

If conservatives cannot do more to deal with new forms of political or intellectual competition than exhibit smarmy dismissal or smug denial, then the Republican revolution may turn out to be no more than a brief coup d'état.

ED KILGORE
WASHINGTON, DC

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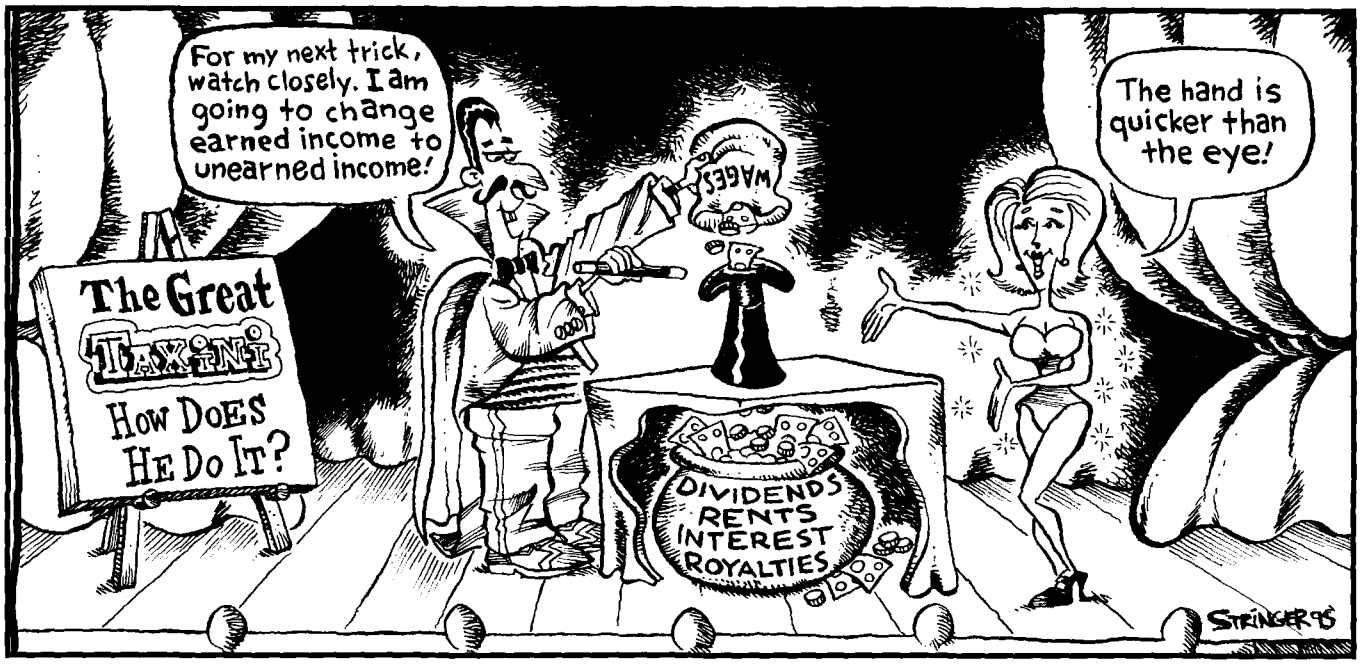

Only a little magic defeats the Flat Tax.

If there is one thing Washington never understands, it's human nature. Adam Smith's Invisible Hand warned all governments they can only collect taxes to the extent people are willing to pay them. When Washington eliminated interest deductions for cars, it gave birth to the leasing industry. With a 10-percent luxury tax on boats, unemployment increased by nearly a half-million people.

A booming opportunity for earned-to-unearned income magicians.

The flat tax may sound good at first hearing. But in the real world the next boom industry will be schemes to convert earned income into unearned, tax-free income.

If you manufacture, just open a subsidiary offshore. Then shift as much production overseas as possible and import those goods back at the highest cost base. Bring your profit back as interest or a dividend. Abracadabra! You just converted taxable income into tax-free investment income.

This scheme works in countless ways, even domestically. Who will benefit? Tax attorneys, CPA's, and lobbyists. Paper shuffling when we need production to expand our economy. The bottom line? The Tax Simplification Act of 1986 created a leasing industry to circumvent nondeductible interest payments for cars and depreciation. The Flat Tax will create even more creative transfer schemes.

Direct income taxes spawn evasion; indirect taxes spawn economic growth.

No matter how hard government tries to stop evasion of direct income taxes, it will ultimately lose. The answer? A National Retail Sales Tax is the fairest and simplest form of taxation government can impose. Indirect taxation like this was our Founding Fathers' choice.

Reduce cost? The National Retail Sales Tax will save $45 billion in collection costs over five to seven years. Compliance and enforcement costs will plummet as well. Instead of 120 million tax returns, there are only 20 million. Instead of auditing individuals, we would need to audit only a few million tax collectors — all businesses. A 10-percent retail sales tax, two-percent real estate sales tax, and a 15-percent corporate income tax is revenue neutral even after exempting rent, food, and medicine. Additional benefit? Only an indirect tax will capture revenue from the underground, cash economy. This *increases* the tax base rather than reshuffling the burden from one group to another. No sleight of hand. Just honest reform.

For more information on the Princeton Proposal for tax reform & economic growth, contact:

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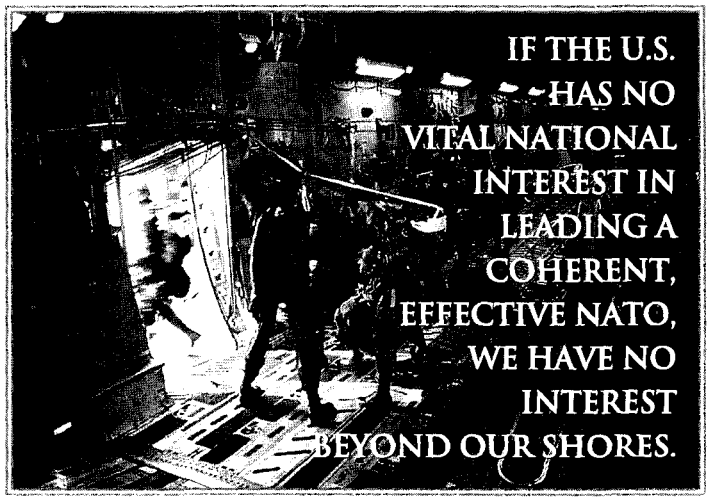
the weekly Standard

Bosnia: The Republican Challenge

President Clinton has decided to deploy U.S. troops in Bosnia. By doing so, he tests Republicans on a yea-or-nay question concerning America's continued engagement with the rest of the world. At this point, all too many of them are flunking that test.

One would prefer a situation in which, long before a final troop commitment was imminent, the general thrust of a president's international judgments appeared clearly correct, and the other party *said* so, working cooperatively to rally the country behind him. But we have never been blessed with such luck on the question of Bosnia, a horror of Byzantine complexity to which the United States has responded with a dizzying series of false starts and hard swerves. There has been legitimate Republican-led opposition to the administration's Balkan policy. And it was therefore almost inevitable, if and when the call for American ground forces arose, that some measure of partisan conflict would arise with it.



That conflict, *per se*, is nothing to celebrate. Domestic politics invites, even requires, all manner of bare-knuckle fighting between Congress and the White House. But except in the rarest of circumstances, only a president's *personal* stature is invested in those battles, and the "worst" possible outcome is that his party loses its next national campaign. Where international security determinations are concerned, however, a president's individual authority is significantly inseparable from the authority of the presidency generally. Any major rejection of the man also, unavoidably, impeaches his office—the institution against which foreign governments judge American resolve. If the president must make his way overseas against furious opposition, or fails to make his way at all, then U.S. international credibility and influence are damaged, at least in the short run.

That will be one sad, undeniable result if, in the next few weeks, Congress fails to support the Bosnian peace plan—and U.S. troop commitment—initialed in Dayton, Ohio. But it is rapidly becoming apparent that something even more momentous than a temporary wound to American prestige is at issue here. The entire structure and purpose of post-1945 American foreign relations, our posture of energetic international engagement, is implicated in Bosnia. And with distressingly few exceptions, *Republicans*, who have worked hardest to maintain that posture these past 20 years, are behaving as though they may no longer care.

If the United States has no "vital national interest" in leading a coherent, effective NATO, we have no vital interest in anything beyond our shores. Bosnia is the victim of brutal aggression across internationally recognized borders on a European continent over which NATO necessarily claims protective dominion. The war has been exacerbated by past NATO actions; enforcement of the arms embargo has worked to Serbian advantage. The current cease-fire is the product of NATO will. The prospective peace is entirely dependent on NATO force. And without a U.S.

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deployment, that force will not exist. Our British and French allies, already on the ground in Bosnia, insist on it. Bosnia's president refused to come to Dayton unless it was guaranteed. No U.S. troops, no peace. And because Bosnia has, like it or not, become a NATO responsibility, any failure of peace threatens NATO's effective survival.

President Clinton, unfortunately, is an imperfect guide for such a dark forest. Hansel-like in his national television address last week, he dropped dozens of pebbles by which he might find his way back to domestic political safety in next year's reelection campaign. No imaginable Republican attack line was left unanticipated. His Bosnia mission will not be about war, but about peace, and "especially children." It will be "under the command of an American general." It will have "clear, limited, and achievable" goals, and "should and will take about one year," at which point Bosnia can once again become "a shining symbol of multiethnic tolerance." *But*—over and over again he conceded—"that doesn't mean we can solve every problem." America "cannot and must not be the world's policeman."

It was a timid speech. The president sang his score with few technical mistakes. But in its weird combination of soaring, excessive promise and painfully obvious pleading, its required theme—that we either go to Bosnia or signal the beginning of an American military and diplomatic retreat from the entire world—was barely audible.

Republicans might be expected to amplify that internationalist chorus; until recently, they had it memorized. Bob Dole still does. He will encourage other Republicans to "support the president," words that just a handful of them are now prepared to use. Most of Dole's presidential primary opponents excoriate him for offering even the *hope* of eventual Republican agreement on Bosnia. Phil Gramm promises that Bosnia will "define this race." Other leading Republicans claim still not to see the American security interest in the Balkans and pose ultimately unanswerable questions about "exit strategy." Further down the leadership ladder, undisciplined by their seniors, the vocal mass of Republicans take daily aim at the president, and make grotesquely casual references to "body bags" and "Vietnam."

What's got into them? If it is public opinion on Bosnia that Republicans fear, they are fearful too quickly. Most Americans do not want to send troops. They almost never do. But a plurality of CBS survey respondents say they at least *understand* why we might go. A plurality of respondents to the CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup poll already *favor* deployment, and a majority of them feel an American moral obligation to help keep a Bosnian peace. Widespread, visceral opposition to an American Bosnia mission seems still restricted to what might be called the populist "conservative street." The newsletter *Talk Daily* reports 85 percent opposition to the Dayton accord among call-in radio listeners, most of whom appear to believe that President Clinton's Bosnia policy was invented by Democratic campaign consultants.

Liberal critics to the contrary notwithstanding, Republicans did not take control of Congress last fall by pandering to populism's least sophisticated, most crudely nativist impulses. A gestural anti-Clinton politics on Bosnia is something Republicans do not need; the president has given them all the domestic policy opportunities they could ever ask for in next year's election. And at its current volume, such a pandering, populist politics is bad for the country. When the "conservative street" is wrong, it should be corrected—or ignored.

The current Washington consensus is that American troops *will* go to Bosnia, one way or the other, as they must. Most expect the Senate to endorse the deployment. But the House of Representatives remains very much in doubt, and in private conversation administration officials admit they would, if faced with explicit rejection, prefer to see no House vote at all. An unpleasant prospect, that: the Congress essentially holding its nose in grudging acquiescence as American soldiers march into harm's way. If the president is to lead us overseas, the maintenance of American international standing requires that we succeed. Boxing Clinton in and carping at him won't help achieve that result. Instead, Republicans can and should improve America's position on Bosnia—in two particular respects.

The worst conceivable disaster that might befall America in Bosnia is a chaotic military pullout, under fire, in a breakdown of the peace. And such hostilities are made more likely, not less, if potential combatants are convinced that U.S. domestic politics will force us to withdraw at the first hint of trouble, or the end of Dayton diplomacy's one-year limit, whichever comes first. The president himself knows his time limit must be elastic; he told Senate Democrats as much behind closed doors last Tuesday, reminding them that his speech had promised a homecoming in "about" one year, not strictly on the 365th day. In his mouth, that sounds like a "didn't inhale" equivocation. But it's true, just the same. And Republicans should give him cover, loudly announcing that once our troops go in, they will not be pushed out by any hostile force—or any arbitrary deadline that becomes inconvenient.

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Diplomatic niceties aside, the bulk of U.S. forces will leave Bosnia only when they can do so with a reasonable expectation that inter-ethnic carnage will not instantly resume. *That* is the much sought-for "exit strategy"; there is no other realistic one. And diplomatic niceties aside once more, it is not "mutual trust" based on "NATO neutrality" that will allow such an exit. The Serbs do not put down their guns because they trust America will treat them fairly. They do so because they know we sympathize with Bosnia, and they trust only that we will kick their skulls in if they break the peace. In the absence of NATO force, an equal deterrent function can only be served by a rearmed Bosnian Federation. Here, too, Republicans should give the president cover, justifying and strengthening his determination to pursue an American-led rearmament effort.

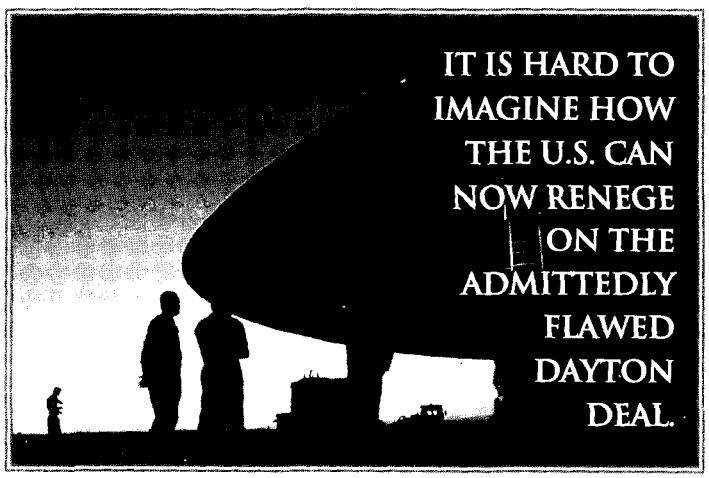
This is asking most congressional Republicans to change the spirit of their Bosnia rhetoric rather dramatically, to be sure. It will be awkward for many of them. But that's a small price to pay given the stakes involved. The alternative, a body blow against the perceived American commitment to international leadership, would be a grave shame. More than a small bit of which would justly attach to the GOP.

—David Tell, for the Editors

WHY WE ARE IN BOSNIA

by Norman Podhoretz

TO MY OWN SURPRISE—maybe amazement would be a better word—I find myself siding with Bill Clinton on the issue of sending American troops to Bosnia, and hoping against all odds that my fellow conservatives in general and the Republican party in particular will wind up doing the same. For it is hard to imagine how the United States can now renege on the admittedly flawed deal the Clinton administration brokered in Dayton without doing grave damage to its power and to its honor. And the same can be said of the Republican party if it persists in the kind of peevish obstructionism that (with the major exception of Bob Dole) has so far largely marked its response to the Dayton accords.



These are words, God knows, I never expected I would write. Ever since the war in Bosnia broke out, I have opposed the introduction of American ground forces as unnecessary and undesirable, supporting instead the kind of intervention advocated at the outset most clearly and forcefully by Margaret Thatcher. The Thatcher position called for a lifting of the arms embargo against Bosnia and the use of American air power to make sure that the military supplies the Bosnians needed would get through. The main point was to give the Bosnians what they were pleading for: a fighting chance to defend themselves against a Serbian aggression involving atrocities that bordered on outright genocide.

To this day I have yet to hear a convincing argument against the Thatcher position. Those who expressed concern that it would lead us into a "quagmire" struck me as at best silly and at worst dishonest. After all, if our policy had been to give the Bosnians a chance to defend themselves, we would have been under no moral obligation to take over the fighting on the ground if they turned out to be incapable of doing the job on their own even when properly armed. Nor was there any good reason to suppose that our credibility would have suffered from the failure of an honorable policy whose limits had been clearly demarcated in advance.

Another argument against the Thatcher position was that it would only prolong the war. But if the Bosnians had the will and the courage to fight, and

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were asking only that their hands be untied, by what right did anyone else decide that they were better off giving in? In addition to being morally presumptuous, this craven counsel was accompanied by the intellectually presumptuous assumption that the Bosnians faced inevitable defeat no matter what.

The third argument against the Thatcher position—that our NATO allies opposed it and that it would put the peacekeeping troops they had already sent into Bosnia at risk—was more serious. But if the United States had been determined to follow the Thatcher line, arrangements could surely have been worked out to make its implementation possible.

Be all that as it may, the Thatcher position in its original form has now been rendered academic by the Dayton accords, and like many who supported it, I am sorely tempted to turn away in disgust. But I resist the temptation by telling myself that perhaps these accords are better than they look. Perhaps they do not quite represent the triumph of those who all along wanted the Bosnians to surrender. Perhaps, if properly implemented, they can even form the basis of a new balance of power and therefore of a settlement that will last.

I am also tempted to turn away in disgust from the decision to send 20,000 American soldiers into Bosnia as part of a peacekeeping force. Unhappy as I was about the idea of using American ground troops to fight in Bosnia, I am equally if not more unhappy about using them, in Bosnia or anywhere else, to do anything other than fight. Nevertheless, in politics—as the old adage has it—one begins from where one is; and I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that from where we are now, the right course is to support Clinton on this issue.

Obviously this is not how many (most?) of my fellow conservatives see it. Commentators like Frank Gaffney and Thomas Sowell are strongly against sending American troops; of the nine Republicans running for president, seven have come out in no uncertain terms against the president; and the young conservatives in Congress seem to be almost unanimous in their opposition. By contrast, some two-thirds of the Democrats in Congress, and many liberal columnists and editorialists, are lining up behind the president.

Bosnia, then, continues to have a weird effect on political alignments here in America. First the Thatcher position made strange bedfellows of old Cold War hawks like myself and old liberal doves like Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. And now the Dayton accords are becoming the occasion for a wholly unexpected reversal of roles between Democrats and Republicans on the use of American power.

It is not exactly that the Democrats have become the interventionist hawks and that the Republicans are replacing them as the isolationist doves. Things are more complicated than that. Thus, the only justification that leading congressional Democrats like Lee Hamilton and David Bonior can offer for backing the president on Bosnia is that (as Adam Clymer puts it in the *New York Times*) "this would be peacemaking, not warmaking." Conversely, many Republicans *oppose* the president on exactly the same ground: Influenced by the peacekeeping fiascoes in Lebanon and Somalia, they are convinced that American troops should, precisely, be deployed for warmaking alone.

Such wrinkles cast an interesting light on the current state of our political culture. But they do not alter the fact that it is the Democrats of all parties and Bill Clinton of all presidents who are calling for an American intervention backed by military force, while the Republicans, and especially of all people the Reaganites among them, are sounding less like Reagan than like the young Clinton when he was trying to avoid getting caught by the draft during the Vietnam war.

Nor do the complexities of the situation alter the fact that the Republicans, who have for the past 30 years resisted congressional "micromanagement" of foreign affairs, are suddenly forgetting the passionate arguments they used to make in favor of presidential primacy and prerogatives in this area. Yet if those arguments were right when Ronald Reagan was in the White House, they must still be right now that Bill Clinton is there.

I yield to no one in my lack of confidence in Bill Clinton, but he *is* the President of the United States, and as such he all but dragged the Serbs, the Croats, and the Muslims to the very heartland of this country and pressured them into a deal entailing the deployment of American troops as part of a larger NATO force. The presence of those troops on the scene is therefore not only a crucial element of the agreement among the warring parties themselves; it is also essential to the maintenance of the NATO alliance and of American leadership within it.

None of this means that the conservative community and the Republican party need remain entirely passive in the face of the president's policy. On the contrary, they have a significant part to play in trying to ensure that our troops are given the right job to do. In the process they can also help repair some of the flaws in the Dayton accords.

Here an important start has been made by Paul Wolfowitz and Douglas J. Feith. Writing in the *Wall*

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Street Journal, they insist that the mission of the peacekeeping force should be to act not as a neutral buffer between the parties but as a shield behind which we can arm and train the Bosnian Muslims to the point where they are finally able to defend themselves. This, say Wolfowitz and Feith, satisfies the demands of justice; it is entirely consistent with a peacemaking role; and it is also the only "exit strategy" that can get us out of Bosnia after a year or so "without triggering a catastrophe."

What Wolfowitz and Feith have accomplished is to reconcile the objectives of the Thatcher position with the methods of the Dayton accords. They have thereby shown how conservative advocates of the Thatcher position can still salvage the principle behind it and simultaneously remain true to the Reaganite legacy that the Republican party is now in grave danger of abandoning to Bill Clinton.

If the Republican party should end up renouncing its Reaganite commitments to presidential prerogatives in foreign affairs, to NATO, and to American leadership in the world, it would be doing doing exactly what the Democrats did in the post-Vietnam period, when they threw their Trumanite banner into the dust. They then had to watch helplessly as Ronald Reagan came along to pick it up and carry it to victory in the political battles ahead.

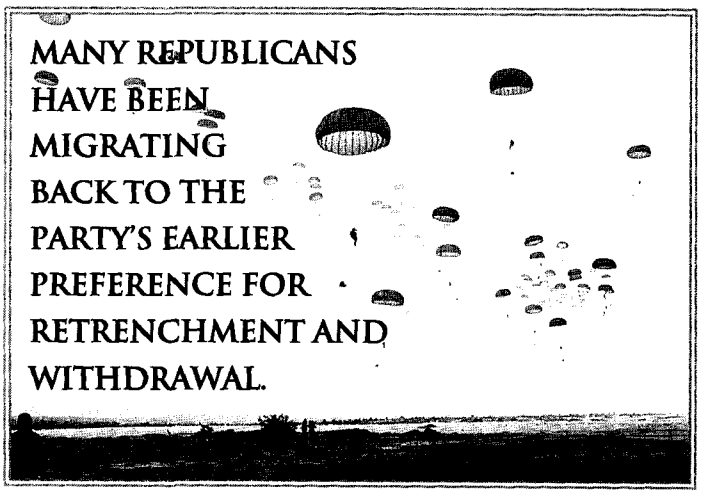
The lesson for the Republicans is obvious, but for the moment most of them seem as persuaded as the Democrats were in the 1970s that they are both right and (given what the polls are currently saying) on the winning political side of this issue. Right they are not. About the politics, polls or no polls, we shall see soon enough.

Norman Podhoretz, a senior fellow of the Hudson Institute, was, for 35 years, the editor in chief of **Commentary**. *Among his six books is* **Why We Were in Vietnam**.

BORAH! BORAH! BORAH!

by Robert Kagan

THE CRISIS IN BOSNIA has sparked the beginning of a profound debate within the Republican party over the direction of its foreign policy, and not a moment too soon. For the past three years, the party has been drifting toward the edge of its third great transformation in this century. The first came when Theodore Roosevelt's muscular internationalism gave way after World War I to a search for "normalcy" under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, and then to isolationism under the congressional leadership of Sen. William Borah. The second occurred in the late 1940s, when the threat of Stalin's Soviet Union convinced party leaders to renounce isolationism and support Harry Truman's active, expensive, and risk-filled effort to preserve security and stability in Europe. The long era of Republican internationalism that followed began with the election of Eisenhower and reached its peak in the Reagan years. But since the end of the Bush administration, and the end of the Cold War, many Republicans have been migrating back to the party's earlier preference for retrenchment and withdrawal. They have demanded a reduction in America's foreign commitments, insisted that only "vital" interests be defended by American power, and generally sought to replace the global activism of the Reagan-Bush years with a new brand of foreign-policy minimalism.



The dangers of such an approach, both for the nation and for the party, ought to have been obvious to anyone looking back over the events of this violent century. Republican policies in the 1920s and 30s left the country disastrously ill-prepared to defend even its "vital" interests before World War II. By contrast, the strategy of global containment

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embraced by Republicans during the Cold War proved amazingly successful both in advancing American interests and in assuring a peaceful victory over the Soviet Union. Republican internationalism in the Reagan-Bush era also reaped enormous political rewards. By the early 1990s the American people had come to identify Republicans with a strong, assertive, and successful foreign policy, while Democrats had come to be associated with timidity and withdrawal.

Why Republicans in the 1990s would want to abandon the Reagan-era successes and adopt the Democratic recipe for failure is a mystery. Until now, however, Republican politicians and foreign affairs experts who did not partake in the party's drift toward foreign policy minimalism nevertheless did little to try to arrest and reverse it. Instead, they simply tried to ignore the dangerous trend. In their opposition to many of the Clinton administration's foreign policies and in the heat of partisan battle, Republican internationalists in the Reaganite mold considered it unnecessary or even inappropriate to wage the foreign-policy war on two fronts at once, against both the Democratic president and members of their own party. Being in opposition meant never having to say you're sorry—about the foreign-policy pronouncements of party colleagues. First win back the presidency, the internationalists argued, and then the party could straighten out its foreign policy.

This was always a dangerous strategy, however, for it meant letting the center of the party drift away from the Reaganite foreign-policy principles more suited to a party in control of the White House than one in control of the Capitol. Global leadership is a president's game, not a congressman's, and those committed to Republican internationalism should have recognized that life in opposition required greater not lesser efforts to hold the line against the natural tendencies of a Congress-based party.

In the absence of contrary arguments from the internationalist wing of the party, for three years those Republicans who advocated a new "return to normalcy" were able to advance practically unchallenged their view that America should act only in defense of "vital" interests narrowly conceived. And as the past week's debate over Bosnia has shown, the new minimalism even came to mean a reduced commitment to Europe and NATO, a willingness to let America's allies fend for themselves, and an unwillingness to pay the costs and accept the risks of leadership of the alliance. While conservative internationalists concentrated their fire on what they considered Clinton's excesses in Somalia and Haiti, therefore, the party's minimalists chipped away at the consensus behind *all* of America's overseas commitments. In the common effort to destroy Clinton, the internationalists did little damage to the administration but lost significant ground within their own party.

This failure to wage the war of ideas within the Republican party is now exacting its price. The few Republican internationalists bold enough to take a stand on behalf of the troop deployment have advanced arguments that no longer move many Republicans as they might have four or five years ago. Indeed, the growing chasm between the two wings of Republicanism was cast in sharp relief last week as internationalists like Robert Dole, Richard Lugar, Paul Wolfowitz, Brent Scowcroft, and James Schlesinger laid out the reasons why Congress, at this late date, could not just reject President Clinton's decision to deploy troops in Bosnia. Their apparently simple and narrow argument that, right or wrong, an American president's commitments had to be met, actually rested on a far broader set of convictions about what America's interests are and what its proper role in the world ought to be—convictions, however, that may no longer be shared by the Republican party as a whole.

In their testimony before Congress, Wolfowitz, Scowcroft, and Schlesinger argued that the president's commitment to NATO had to be made good lest American leadership in the alliance be undermined and the alliance itself be irrevocably weakened. They insisted, more generally, that the failure to meet such commitments in Europe could cause a devastating decline in America's prestige around the world—a decline that, over time, could materially affect American security by inviting a host of challenges from potential competitors and adversaries. And, more broadly still, they argued that a failure to fulfill the president's commitments in Bosnia could severely hamper America's ability to defend a world order that, for all its flaws, has been uniquely beneficial to the American economy, uniquely protective of American security, and uniquely conducive to American political ideals.

Unseen but embedded within their arguments was a direct refutation of the view, central to foreign-policy minimalists, that only immediately apparent "vital" interests are worth defending. Their responses to skeptical senators were redolent of the "lessons of Munich," the dominant theme of Republican internationalism from Eisenhower through the Reagan-Bush era. Asked if Bosnia was "worth dying for," Scowcroft responded that this was "no longer the basic ques-

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tion," since the repudiation of American commitments in Europe could open the United States to innumerable challenges in Europe and elsewhere and could lead to the creation of a truly "terrible world."

But it is precisely such an understanding of the requirements of power, of the fragility of the present international order, and of America's paramount interest in preserving that order, that many of their colleagues in the Republican party simply do not grasp. By whatever route, many Republicans and conservatives have arrived at a very different view of the world, one that places far less value on Europe and the NATO alliance, one that sees in the world not an order that must be upheld but a chaos that must be avoided, and one that conceives of security in terms of oceans and borders rather than as a product of more important, if more nebulous, factors such as national will and international prestige.

And there can be no stronger proof of the potency of this view within Republican ranks than that, even now, it remains unclear whether a resolution supporting the deployment of troops in Bosnia can pass both Republican-controlled houses. Dole and the other Republican internationalists, though they may despise Clinton and would love to see him fail at this critical moment in his presidency, have decided that a no vote in Congress would cost the nation far too dearly. But Dole's competitors for the presidential nomination (except Richard Lugar), and a large number of his colleagues in the House and Senate, either don't understand what is at stake or don't believe it is as important as an assertion of congressional prerogative and a political repudiation of a Democratic president.

This is a measure of the seriousness of the party's current predicament, a sign of just how far down the road it has traveled toward a third historic transformation in its foreign-policy attitudes. It ought to be a clarion call to Republican internationalists that, regardless of the outcome of congressional votes on Bosnia, the battle for the party's soul must be waged vigorously now and in the coming months. Contrary to much popular wisdom, what a party stands for in opposition can have a profound effect on its policies once in power. Just ask the Democrats. Twenty years of warning against Vietnams and quagmires, twenty years of using congressional powers to prevent Republican presidents from conducting effective foreign policies, have proven a terrible handicap now that the Democrats themselves have to wield power effectively from the White House. Democratic senators who five years ago voted against the Gulf War now stand up and make the case for sending troops to Bosnia, but their credibility has been damaged almost beyond repair. Republicans should take note. It is no accident that Robert Dole has taken the most courageous and responsible position in this whole affair. He is probably the one Republican who can truly imagine sitting in the White House in 1997. ♦

Don't Believe the Polls

by Everett Carll Ladd

According to the received wisdom early in the Clinton administration, most Americans wanted the new president to concentrate on domestic matters and substantially ignore foreign policy. In the spring of 1993, for example, Clinton pollster and strategist Stanley Greenberg remarked that "America is much more insular. . . . The primary job qualification for the president is whether he can restore America's prosperity."

The administration acted on such assumptions—which were in fact wrong on the essentials. Most Americans know that their country has large international interests and responsibilities and want it to pursue them actively. Besides, the world would not let this or any other modern U.S. president attend minimally to foreign affairs.

Clinton slowly began to acknowledge that he had vastly misunderstood the public's intent. Last summer he ended 30 months of ambivalence and constant course shifting on Bosnia and commenced a policy at once activist and reasonably coherent—which brought us to the truce agreement and the commitment to deploy U.S. troops.

Now we're hearing that Clinton's present course is incredibly risky politically, that the public won't give him much credit if the policy succeeds but will blame him abundantly if things go wrong. But the current view that the administration's reformed Bosnia policy is politically dangerous again vastly misunderstands American opinion on presidents and foreign policy. Opinion research over the last 50 years clearly establishes three key propositions.

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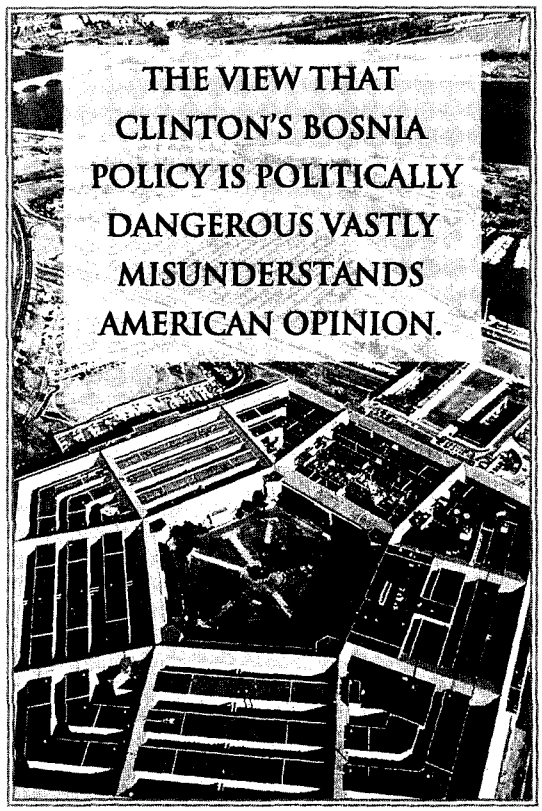
1. The American public consistently rewards strong, activist, coherent presidential leadership in foreign affairs, as long as the president can make a reasonable case for his policy, consistent with national values.

There's lots of evidence for this, but easily the most impressive comes in the one instance—Vietnam—where the public finally turned decisively against U.S. intervention. Americans generally backed the Kennedy and Johnson administrations on Vietnam, accepting their argument that their policy was a sound application of a successful principle—"containment"—which had guided our foreign policy since 1947. Majority opinion broke with Johnson remarkably slowly and only when flaws in his handling of the war had become manifest.



"People are called 'hawks,'" a Gallup poll asked, "if they want to step up our military effort in Vietnam. They are called 'doves' if they want to reduce our military effort. . . . How would you describe yourself—as a 'hawk' or as a 'dove'?" As late as February 1968, just after the enemy had launched its Tet offensive, which included the highly publicized assault on the U.S. embassy in Saigon, 61 percent said they were hawks, 23 percent doves. It wasn't until the full unfolding of Tet had convinced people the administration couldn't deliver on its promise to turn back the North Vietnamese decisively, that public support ebbed.

2. Americans aren't foolishly naive about foreign interventions—they understand there will be costs and accept those commensurate with the objectives being sought.

How often we heard in the four months between Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait and the U.S. military's attack that the public was hugely ambivalent about what should be done and would not accept paying much of a price for war. This was usually put delicately—that Americans would rise up "once the body bags start coming home."

U.S. forces were extraordinarily successful, but in the months before the war's decisive conclusion the public gave strong and consistent backing to Bush's determined, all-out response. Polls showed that much of the public expected that there would be a substantial loss of American lives—but still backed the president's commitment of troops on the grounds of compelling national interests. Revealing here are the findings of a November 1990 ABC/*Washington Post* survey: Just 36 percent expressed dissatisfaction with Bush's handling of the Iraqi invasion—and, strikingly, of these dissenters, half said the president was "moving too slowly against Iraq"!

3. We should never underestimate the power of American nationalism—which expresses itself in the persistent call for U.S. global leadership.

Happily, Americans never say we "want war" and always indicate a genuine reluctance to put the country's armed forces at risk. Nonetheless, "Americans like to think their nation is No. 1 in the world," then-*New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker wrote in 1991. "Whatever else they may think of their president, they expect him, as their representative, to be a formidable figure on the world stage." Polls overwhelmingly support this.

Through most of his presidency, Mr. Clinton paid a high price politically for being the very antithesis of "a formidable figure" internationally. Now, Republicans should realize there's nothing to gain from attacking him for finally offering leadership—other than noting that he is incredibly late in offering it.

It's still true, of course, that one swallow doesn't make a springtime—that Bill Clinton can't redeem a foreign policy marked by confusion and misdirection with one burst of coherence. When CBS News asked in its quickie poll just after the president's speech November 27, "Who do you trust more to make the right decisions on foreign policy—Bill Clinton or Congress?" just 35 percent said the president, 49 percent Congress.

What's more, Americans aren't undiscriminating on matters of foreign intervention—we make distinctions from one instance to another. Vital U.S. interests were engaged in the Gulf war. For his firm response,

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President Bush received far stronger public backing than President Clinton is receiving or will receive in his Bosnia intervention—where U.S. interests are vastly less substantial.

The American public is not guided, however, solely by *raisons d'état*. Most of us believe that our country has a high moral role to play in the world—which involves, where we can, reducing suffering and advancing freedom. We still think, as a people, that contributing to the good of humanity—a central part of our national idea historically—is in the national interest. In his humanitarian appeal on Bosnia, then, Clinton is speaking to something quite real.

The public will, appropriately, expect competence and coherence in the practical execution of the administration's Bosnia policy. If it is not disappointed, President Clinton can only gain.

Everett Carll Ladd is president of the Roper Center for Public Opinion Research.

HAITI: WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

by Elliott Abrams

BOSNIA WILL BE BILL CLINTON'S second military venture—after Haiti. Fifteen months ago he sent 6,000 American troops there with the promise that they would restore democracy and then leave. What is the situation in Haiti as 1995 ends, and are there any lessons in it?

For nearly a year after the Americans arrived, Haiti looked far better than conservative critics had predicted. The Clintonites had promised that President Aristide would champion reconciliation and economic reform, abandoning his history of class-warfare rhetoric and liberation-theology economics. In fact, the level of political violence dropped fast, a new economic plan was adopted, and a political debate began within Haiti among democrats of the right, center, and left. American officials had deified Aristide in order to win public and congressional support for military action aimed at putting him back in the presidential palace; and they continued to play favorites by supporting Aristide's people as against Haitian democrats who did not like him.

ONLY ONE YEAR AFTER THE AMERICAN ACTION, ARISTIDE HAS REVERTED TO FORM. ANY LESSONS FOR BOSNIA?

Only one year later, Aristide has reverted to form. His prime minister quit recently because Aristide blocked the privatization program and seems to have developed no taste for free-market economics. More importantly, he gave a fierce rabble-rousing speech in mid-November that led to a wave of mob violence against his political opponents. And although he now promises to step down on February 7, 1996, in accordance with the Haitian constitution, Aristide's long delay in announcing his decision leaves only days to organize the December 17 presidential election. It will be a mess.

Given the level of violence in Haiti, many administration officials admit privately that the only way to keep the peace there is to leave some American soldiers on the ground through next year. But at the same time they fret that our troops, who are potential mob targets, are a source of vulnerability as well as strength. We value democracy in Haiti and those soldiers' lives; Aristide has different standards. Others in the administration warn that the troops will have to be out by election day 1996, whatever the effect of that withdrawal on Haiti.

Any lessons for Bosnia?

First, the presence of soldiers is a double-edged sword. It is arguable that we could come down harder on Aristide (with diplomatic and economic pressure) if he had no leverage on us; but we need his help in guaranteeing the safety of our troops, and that complicates our situation. Apparently our soldiers in Bosnia

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will be heavily armed, but the point still applies.

Second, a large (for the neighborhood) military force may achieve peace while the troops are there but have no permanent effect. Our presence has suppressed violence in Haiti, but the number of murders and burnings is rising as our departure date comes closer. It appears that we have achieved in Haiti what Tito achieved in Yugoslavia: the temporary burial of disputes, not their solution.

Third, it is dangerous when local electorates are less committed to peace and democracy than we are. The administration that gave Aristide a halo finds itself in an embarrassing position when he shows his tail—and his supporters love him all the more for it. How will we cope with Serbs who may be acting amiably and reasonably now but are probably war criminals, or with democratically elected officials whose irredentist speeches may provoke violence against our troops?

Fourth, this administration always acts with both eyes firmly fixed on domestic politics. Our troops restored Aristide to power because that was the only way the president could defend sending all the Haitian boat people back home. (With Aristide restored to power, Haiti was a democracy, right?) The vast majority of our troops will be pulled out next year regardless of events on the ground in Haiti, for the president is up for re-election. One cannot say precisely how electoral politics will affect our troop deployment in Bosnia, but one can say with certainty that our reaction to any significant event there will be the combined decision of Lake, Christopher, Holbrooke, Shalikashvili—and Carville, Morris, Dodd, and the rest of the crew.

Elliott Abrams, who managed U.S.-Haiti relations when he served as assistant secretary of state in the Reagan administration, is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute.

Hypocrite, Thy Name is ...

by Matthew Rees

On November 20, 1990, 45 House Democrats filed suit in federal court to prevent President Bush from taking military action against Iraq without congressional approval. "The president of the United States on his own cannot make that kind of determination," said Rep. Ron Dellums of California, who initiated the suit. The issue became moot when Bush received congressional authorization to move against Iraq, but now some of the litigants, including Dellums and House Minority Whip David Bonior of Michigan, are supporting President Clinton's plan to send 20,000 troops to Bosnia. And one of them has moved to the White House: Leon Panetta, Clinton's chief of staff, who now insists the president can dispatch troops *without* congressional approval.

They're not the only Democratic phonies on the issue of sending American soldiers to foreign lands. Most congressional Democrats have overcome their aversion to any American military intervention, anytime, anywhere, to back Clinton on Bosnia. There are non-hypocrites among them. Sen. Russell Feingold of Wisconsin is one; a passionate advocate of lifting the arms embargo, he criticizes Clinton's plan. And Sen. Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut backs Clinton and also backed Bush strongly in the Persian Gulf. But they're exceptions. Most Democrats have morphed into advocates of undiluted presidential authority to send troops.

Take Richard Gephardt, the House Democratic leader. In 1990, he was one of the chief opponents of giving Bush the authority to wage war. A few weeks before the air campaign began, Gephardt told CNN that if Bush had the temerity not to seek congressional approval, "the Congress has to reach for the only tool left to it, which is to cut off funding for the war." In the past month, there were two House votes to bar funding for any troop deployment to Bosnia that did not have explicit congressional approval. Both resolutions passed handily. Gephardt voted against both.

On November 17, 1990, Gephardt urged caution in the Gulf. "I want to spend some time talking to Arab experts to try to figure out how the Arabs view this, to see if we can figure out what Saddam Hussein is thinking," he said. Now Gephardt has lost interest in consulting experts. Just hours after Clinton's Bosnia speech on Nov. 27, he declared that Clinton had convinced him "that this is the right time for America to act, and the right way to do it." He did not counsel caution. "If America doesn't lead the world," Gephardt asked, "who will?"

That's also the thinking of Rep. Lee Hamilton of Indiana, now at least. In the Gulf war, he cosponsored a resolution with Gephardt to stick with economic

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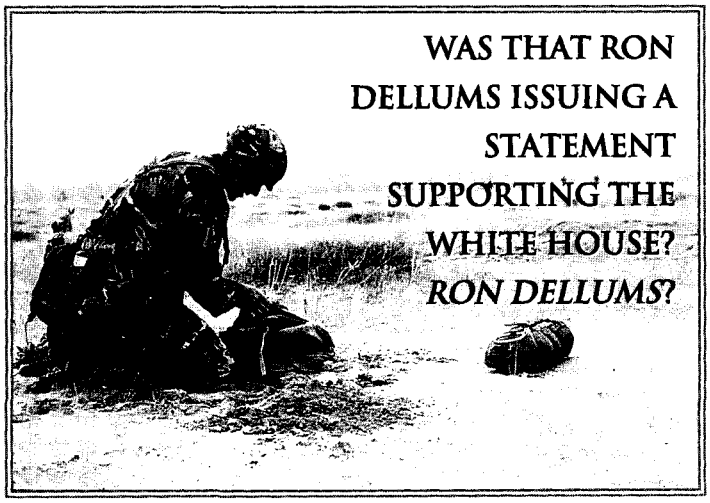
sanctions against Iraq and block Bush's plan for military action. At the time, Hamilton was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and fiercely advocated congressional authorization of any military action. In a last-ditch effort to thwart Bush, Hamilton asserted a few days before the air campaign: "There are no guarantees that war will be quick and easy. It will cause casualties and heartache; it will split the coalition; it will estrange us from our allies; it will make us the object of Arab hostility . . . and it will not be easy to win once it is started."

That was then. Now he's changed his tune. He supported Clinton's June 1993 bombing of Baghdad (for which the president did not bother to seek congressional approval). More recently, Hamilton proudly announced the day after Clinton's speech, "There is a moral imperative to act. If we fail to seize this opportunity to end the war, we risk renewed atrocities, a wider conflict, and thousands more shattered lives." He didn't mention congressional approval. Like Gephardt, he voted against both House resolutions. "When you are the commander in chief, you have the power to deploy troops," he argued. "That's fundamental." What about casualties and the difficulty of keeping the peace in an explosive region? Not to worry. Hamilton now says the real risk lies in "sending U.S. troops to extract our allies from an expanding war, instead of sending U.S. troops to implement a peace."



If there's one Democrat who can usually be counted on to oppose American military ventures overseas, it's Dellums. A veteran of the anti-Vietnam war movement, he signs his photos "Peace and Freedom." He described the 1991 bombing of Baghdad as "an inestimable tragedy, one for which it will take us a lifetime to atone." After Clinton announced he would be deploying troops and that he wouldn't need congressional approval, many expected strong opposition from Dellums and maybe a lawsuit. Instead, Dellums issued a statement *supporting* the White House: "The time may come when the nations of the world have developed better suited mechanisms and personnel to deal with peacekeeping. Until then, peace advocates must be responsive to those who would seek our help to end the violence that is consuming them."

Consistency isn't the hallmark of most Senate Democrats either. Consider Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York. In the run-up to the Gulf war, he was almost slanderous about the Bush administration's plan to dislodge Iraq from Kuwait. He charged Bush with "secretly moving to create the ongoing permanent Orwellian crisis" and dismissed the whole affair by saying "nothing large happened. A nasty little country invaded a littler, but just as nasty, country."

Given all that, Moynihan might have been expected to have trouble with the Bosnians, who hail from an equally "nasty" part of the world and follow the same faith as the dreaded Kuwaitis. But no. The senator invoked a higher justification for supporting a U.S. troop deployment: "The American interest is in international law and order. . . . If we don't do this, we will find something even harder the next time. . . . The First Armored Division [going to Bosnia], they've been on the line since 1944. Why? Because we did nothing in the 30s, when this sort of aggression began." That would have been a pretty good argument for supporting military intervention in the Gulf. But back then a Republican was president. The same double standard goes for Senator Chris Dodd of Connecticut, only more so. He voted against Bush on Iraq and sounded alarms: "If you send in these troops and we end up with 10, 15, 20,000 kids coming back to this country in body bags . . . I'm not so sure you're going to find a tremendous amount of support or approval for the president having taken that action."

Today, he concedes he's "not terribly enthusiastic about sending troops" to Bosnia but contends that "not to be supportive now would . . . raise far greater risks to our country, far greater risks to the most important strategic alliance in the world." The troop deployment "may not work in the end, but I'd rather look back and say we tried." Besides, Dodd added the other day, Clinton is merely "continuing what I would call the Bush doctrine . . . for conflict resolution in the 21st century." I doubt Bush would agree. ♦

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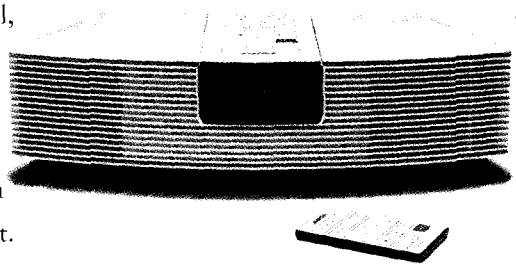

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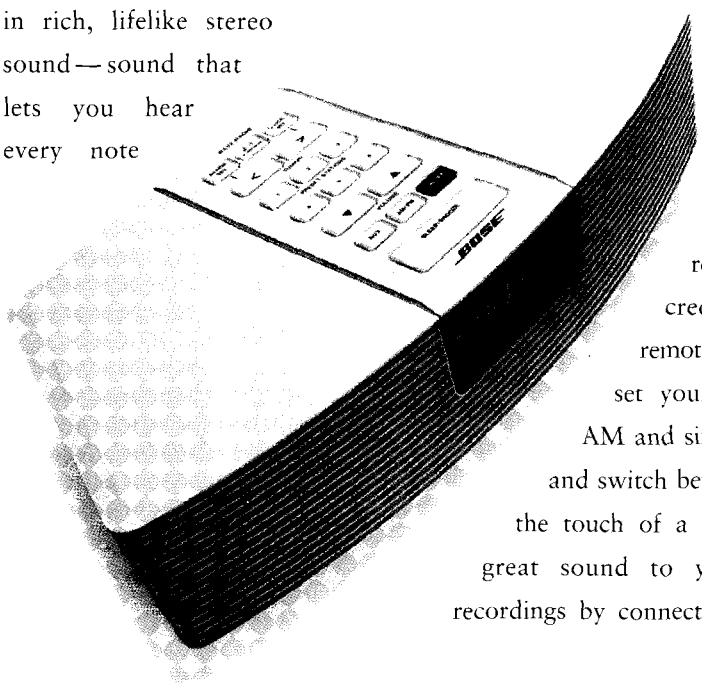

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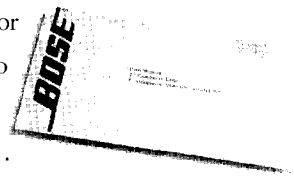

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A Dole-Gingrich Split

by Fred Barnes

A Republican official who attended Majority Leader Bob Dole's gathering with Senate leaders, then dropped by a session of House Speaker Newt Gingrich's advisory group later the same day, experienced quite a contrast. "It was like going from ancient Greece to the planet Mars," the official said. Senators, including Dole himself, were sober and serious about budget negotiations with the White House, anxious to avoid another government shutdown, and inclined to meet President Clinton's demands halfway. House members, Gingrich especially, were defiant, even belligerent. They declared themselves ready to close down the federal government again unless Clinton agrees to a balanced budget largely on their terms.

More than atmospherics, this is the first major breach between Dole and Gingrich since Republicans captured Congress in 1994. The disagreement is over strategy, not substance. Both want spending cuts, tax reduction, a balanced budget, Medicare reform, etc. But Dole leaves the impression he's willing to finish up the six appropriations bills for 1996, keep the government operating, and put off the larger struggle over spending, taxes, and Medicare for another day, perhaps after the 1996 election. Gingrich prefers confrontation now, by holding up spending bills and using them as leverage to force Clinton to sign a balanced budget and sweeping Medicare reform. The significance of the Dole-Gingrich split is that it puts the entire Republican agenda in jeopardy.

One point of contention is Republican National Chairman Haley Barbour, the most effective party leader in decades. Until mid-November, he was involved with Dole and Gingrich almost daily in devising tactics and crafting the GOP message. Then, Sheila Burke, Dole's chief of staff, barred him from Dole-Gingrich meetings. The reason? Barbour usually sided with Gingrich and his aggressive schemes for advancing the agenda. Dole's side was outnumbered. Barbour was miffed. But he's had to settle for an informal, background role.

Burke's ouster of Barbour reflects the new relationship between Dole and Gingrich. For most of 1995, Dole took a back seat to Gingrich, letting him create the agenda and take first crack at it in the House. Dole basically deferred to Gingrich—until November. Then, having tightened his grasp on the Republican presidential nomination for 1996 and won the Florida straw vote, Dole ceased following Gingrich's lead. This was made easier by Gingrich's decline in prestige and popularity. Democratic National Chairman Chris Dodd insists Gingrich is the most unpopular politician since Richard Nixon. Buttressing that, a Republican poll in late November found Gingrich has a negative approval rating even among Republicans in New Hampshire.

Democrats seek to exploit the split between the Republican leaders by talking up Dole and trashing Gingrich. Dole, says Dodd, "is certainly talented enough to be president." And reaching a reasonable deal with him would be a snap, Dodd indicates, if Dole didn't have to mollify Republican primary voters and Gingrich. The White House line on Gingrich, repeated incessantly, is that he's merely a tool of radical GOP House freshmen. In truth, the 73 freshmen are instruments of Gingrich.

The White House has also made budget negotiations as unproductive and unpleasant as possible, if only to heighten the tension between Dole and Gingrich. After Clinton agreed to push for a balanced budget in seven years, Gingrich decided to block House Democratic Leader Dick Gephardt from joining the negotiations because he'd never backed a balanced budget.

So 10 minutes before the talks began, White House lobbyist Patrick Griffin notified Republicans that House Democratic Whip David Bonior and Senator Byron Dorgan of North Dakota would be part of Clinton's negotiating team. "Bonior's commitment to fiscal discipline is rivaled only by Imelda Marcos's," groused a Republican negotiator. Dorgan reneged on a balanced budget pledge earlier this year.

In the talks, White House tactics accentuated the Dole-Gingrich breach. For example, the Clinton team suggested rushing through the appropriations bills, then moving later to the Balanced Budget Act, with its dramatic entitlement reform. Dole was intrigued with this, but Gingrich flatly opposed it on the ground that control of the spending bills gives Republicans leverage to force entitlement changes and a balanced budget. Entitlements (Medicare, Medicaid, welfare, etc.) continue whether or not Clinton and Congress make a deal. The only way to get entitlement reform on acceptable terms, Gingrich argues, is by holding up appropriations and threatening a partial government shutdown.

The problem is, Dole and some senators are skittish about another shutdown. They believe the last one was a political disaster for Republicans. Actually, Republicans had begun to benefit from it. Overnight polls showing Clinton losing 2 points in approval on the Thursday of shutdown week and 4 points on Friday terrified the White House. Clinton quickly settled by agreeing to a seven-year balanced budget, with elements to be negotiated later.

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Still another White House ploy roiled Republicans—the idea that Clinton and the Democrats would be delighted to forget entitlements and a balanced budget and let those issues be hashed out in the 1996 election. This was a bluff. If balanced budget talks collapse, the stock market is bound to plummet, and the Federal Reserve won't cut interest rates by as much as one-half point when it meets December 19. The White House knows this and thus needs a balanced budget. But it wants one on its terms (far milder social spending cuts). As long as Dole and Gingrich stay divided, Clinton might get his wish. ♦

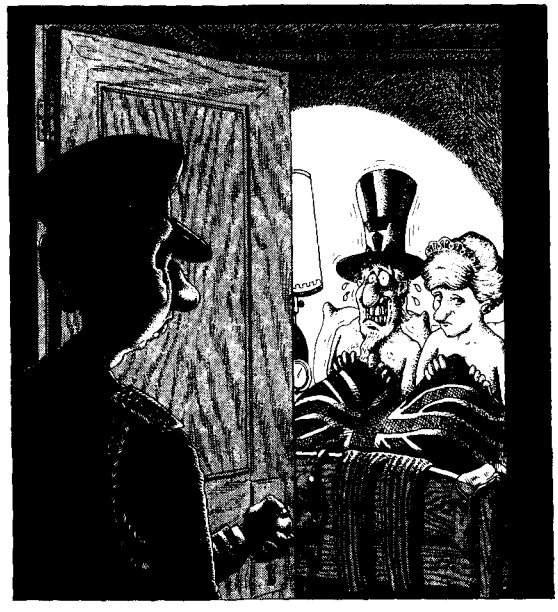
Di, Oprah, and Out-Years

by Irwin M. Stelzer

London

THE BE-WIGGED AND BE-GOWNED lord chancellor of Great Britain welcomed Bill Clinton to a joint session of the House of Commons and the House of Lords last week with the words, "We share so much." Perhaps a bit too much. For until very recently, Britain had avoided two American ailments that now afflict it—call them "Oprah-itis" and "out-year-ism."

Oprah-itis hit two weeks ago, when over 20 million of the nation's households tuned in to Princess Diana's opening round in a battle for divorce terms that will give her the house (actually, a palace), the kids, the car, the money, and a title—a settlement so rich as to turn Ivana Trump green with envy. The Princess of Wales took her campaign to the public by means of a BBC interview and shared with one and all the deep psychic scars she suffered at the hands of the Germanically cold British royal family and her unfaithful husband. She was thus importing a great American technique probably invented by Richard Nixon (remember the Checkers speech?); refined by Teddy Kennedy (remember the "I tried to save Mary Jo before swimming off for a good night's sleep" speech?); and brought to full flower by Oprah Winfrey's dysfunctional guests, with no claim to fame other than their emotional disorders.



Sean Delonas

Di's story goes something like this: *I have suffered at the hands of a cruel family and, even, of an adoring but demanding media. Therefore, I developed strange psychic ailments. But now I am strong, the stronger for having told millions just how much I suffered and just how strong I now am.*

In days gone by, discretion on the part of the British royal family and a judicious turning of a blind eye by the public permitted kings and princes the best of two worlds: a proper wife and a satisfying mistress. So pervasive was the practice that a royal without a "bit on the side" was liable to have his masculinity questioned by his inner circle.

This circumstance the royal wife endured uncomplainingly. At least in public. There were, after all, all those jewels, and carriages, and fawning courtiers by way of compensation—plus, perhaps, a quiet bit of reciprocal cheating to help pass Britain's long winter nights. Indeed, the relationship between mistress-of-the-palace and mistress-to-the-king was often quite cordial, the former perhaps feeling relieved of an obligation in the days when sexual enjoyment was often a male prerogative. Thus, when King Edward VII was on the verge of meeting his Maker, Queen Alexandra invited Mrs. Keppel, his long-time mistress, to the dying king's bedside for a fond farewell. No radio broadcasts to share the hurt with her subjects; no threats to bring down the monarchy; instead, the dignity that privacy provides.

Now, ironically, all is changed. In Britain, where discretion was once valued, we have Princess Di telling of her adulterous adventures, her bulimia, her self-inflicted wounds, and her depression. But in America, the land of Oprah Winfrey, Geraldo Rivera, and Ricki Lake, we have retained high-level discretion. Wendell Willkie's wife reportedly uttered not a word when her husband chose to announce his presi-

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dential candidacy from the sitting room of his mistress. Franklin Roosevelt's vigorous extramarital life is now widely known and chronicled, but Eleanor Roosevelt never thought to summon the nation to a fireside chat to discuss the matter. Jack Kennedy's philanderings were of such epic proportions that they rivaled even those of his father, yet Jackie nursed her wounds in private. And when Bill Clinton stood accused of several dalliances by more witnesses than it takes to make the average charge of sexual harassment stand up, and by a few miles of audio tape, Hillary Clinton swallowed hard and stood by her man, reserving her own television interview for the less soul-searing chore of explaining that she really doesn't understand Arkansas real estate and was merely lucky in her dealings on the Chicago commodities market.

In short, wives of America's elected elite are now so suffused with English reticence as to refrain from engaging in public Di-atribes when betrayed by their husbands. Britain's hereditary elite, however, is now taken with the peculiarly American notion that in public bleating lies solace. Conveniently, they blame it on the media, which do indeed use the likes of Diana to sell newspapers and round up television audiences. But, in the process, the media in turn are used by the princess to whip up sympathy for what she sees as her plight—all alone in Kensington Palace, with only a large staff to see to her needs; a wardrobe that could clothe and, if sold, feed all of the Third World countries with which she so sympathizes; and, if it suits her, "an occasional man," to borrow the words of an old popular song.

Which brings us to the second American disease that crossed the ocean last week, "out-year-ism." In the ongoing battle to balance the budget, those two warring sons of the South, Bill Clinton and Newt Gingrich, have agreed on one thing: The budget should be balanced in seven years. Well, maybe: Leon Panetta decided that eight years would be fine while the ink was still wet on the seven-year agreement. No matter. It is the so-called "out-years" that matter—years that are further off than the next election, too distant for the voters to notice, or outside of the seven-year limit. In the case of the budget, those are the years in which the program cuts will really be felt, in which tax revenues are forecast to reach levels high enough to cover the government's inexorably growing outlays, and, in the out-out-years, in which the budget will once again lurch into deficit.

This process of producing a balanced budget by promising to cut expenses (later) and by forecasting large increases in revenue (later) has until now been considered a peculiarly American bit of dissimulation, arising from the division of power between Congress and the president. The former must initiate money measures, but the latter can veto them. Unless Congress overrides the presidential veto, a deal must be concocted. And then papered over to make it palatable to a justly suspicious electorate. Out-year-ism is the camouflage of choice.

Contrast our process with Britain's. The party that controls the House of Commons also controls the executive. More accurately, there is no real distinction between the legislature and those of its members who make up the cabinet. So when the British chancellor—rotund, folksy, Hush-Puppied Ken Clarke—delivered his budget on the day before the president arrived, he knew in advance that he would carry the day. No need to deceive.

The Americans who flew in with Clinton's advance party, and heard the chancellor, must have been amazed at three things. First, the budget address lasted one hour and seven minutes, about in line with the length of a state-of-the-union peroration by Bill Clinton. But there was no criticism of Clarke for running on. Only relief: In 1853, Gladstone spoke for five hours.

Second, it is the prerogative of a chancellor to indulge in a drink of his choice during his speech. Clarke chose whiskey, which he sipped from time to time, most notably after announcing a reduction in taxes on the product of one of Britain's most powerful lobbies, the Scotch whiskey industry. If only Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin were free to sip away during his press conferences. We might, then, be spared idle threats of default: *in vino veritas*.

Finally, Clinton's advance team couldn't help noticing that Clarke announced various tax changes, such as a 15-pence rise in the tax on a packet of cigarettes, "effective 6:00 p.m. this evening." No committee hearings; no bargaining; no legislative gantlet to run.

And no delays until the public might become aware of the Americanization of Britain's budget process. For Clarke promised to: Cut public spending—later. Bring government's claim on the country's GDP down to 40 percent—someday. Cut the deficit with revenues forecast to flow from a projected increase in Britain's growth rate—next year.

American out-year-ism has arrived in Britain. Along with Oprah-itis. Let's hope the "special relationship" between America and her mother country, so eloquently brought to life by President Clinton in his address to Parliament, survives Britain's discovery of what we have inflicted upon her.

Irwin M. Stelzer is director of regulatory policy studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

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Mrs. Heinz's 57 Causes

by Matt Labash

Read enough interviews, and you'd half expect Teresa Heinz (now Mrs. John Kerry, though she wisely refrains from using the Massachusetts senator's name) to enter Washington's Willard Hotel for the presentation of her Heinz Awards with a communal pacifier dangling from her spare yet tastefully adorned neck.

The $800 million pickle-and-tater-tot heiress (after her husband, Pennsylvania Republican Sen. John Heinz, was killed in a 1991 aircraft collision), in all her philanthropic largesse has emerged as "the nurturer of the region"—her words. "It sounds presumptuous in a way, doesn't it?" she asked. Some would say yes—but not many. She was named Pittsburgher of the year by *Pittsburgh* magazine, the *Utne Reader* listed her among its 100 visionaries, Bill Clinton called her "one of the good guys," *W* christened her "Saint Teresa," while *George* opted for "Mother Teresa."

All this saintly motherliness has culminated in the Second Annual Heinz Awards. The First Annual Heinz Awards were given out in January of this year, but apparently the event went so swimmingly that Teresa couldn't go a whole 12 months before again bestowing five no-strings gifts of $250,000 apiece on exemplars in the fields of Arts and Humanities, the Environment, the Human Condition, Public Policy, and Technology and the Economy.

Ever wondered what undaunted noblesse oblige looks like? Then come to a Heinz soirée, where it's worn like rack-room Givenchy. Which is not to say the awards shouldn't be taken seriously—as seriously as congratulations can get to an honoree who calls herself "Bubbles" (the breathless and retired coloratura Beverly Sills).

The Heinzie is as achievement-lite as the Kennedy Center Honors and as liberally unctuous as the MacArthur "genius grant." It may exceed the Nobel in prestige, or at least "it's just as good," as lucky winner C. Everett Koop says. The awards take account not only of the accomplishments of recipients, but also "less tangible qualities," like "commitment to making the world a better place" and "a sense of optimism," embodied by the late John Heinz.

One can understand why Teresa is so insistent in interviews that this would all be sanctioned by her late husband. Never mind that the Heinz Endowments (comprising multiple philanthropies) in 1992 only gave $400,000 to environmental causes, while under her revised stewardship they now top $3 million annually, or that the first Heinz Environmental Award went to Paul Ehrlich, a biologist by trade best known for being wrong about everything. Or her close relationship with Marian Wright Edelman, winner of the $250-large this year.

All this is no reflection on her Republicanism, damn it, despite the dastardly Rick Santorum's suggestion that she was doing her Democratic husband's bidding when she endorsed Santorum's Democratic rival, Harris Wofford, in the state's 1994 Senate race. When Santorum said Clinton's national service program, on whose board she sits, was intended to turn unsuspecting Americans into people "singing 'Kumbaya' around a campfire," Teresa fired back. She dubbed Santorum "Forrest Gump with an Attitude," the "antithesis of John Heinz," whose "politics amount to cynical and calculating appeal to our fears and weaknesses." Santorum won.

Sean Delonas

And it's not as if this Kerry thing matters, even if cynics are waiting to see if her largest endowment of all will be to help her husband to victory against the somewhat less loaded William Weld in next year's

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Massachusetts Senate race. Or perhaps this political iconoclasm is simply in keeping with what she calls "the maverick spirit of John Heinz, who never accepted conventional wisdom, whether on public policy or how to make a ski turn."

Hardly a sounder bite of wisdom could be culled, except for one more quote by the very same Teresa Heinz, toasting the opening of the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh, when she said, "One of the worst things the living do to the dead is to presume to speak for them." Heinz couldn't have said it better himself. ♦

Aristide Acts Up Again

by Christopher Caldwell

"Clinton's foreign policy," says a friend of the president who discusses policy with him, "belies the idea that he's always watching the polls." Sure does. For months, administration officials have been touting last year's invasion to restore Haitian president Jean-Bertrand Aristide, but all that ended on November 11. On that day, Aristide "eulogized" a cousin who had been shot dead four days earlier as he and another politician left a bank carrying several thousand dollars in cash. Aristide exhorted his followers to "go after the people with the big guns." A weekend of rioting ensued, in which 11 people were killed. Aristide's own interim security units launched early-morning raids on the houses of opposition politicians.

On November 24, Aristide addressed a crowd that interrupted him with chants of "three more years!"—a reference to the possibility he might continue in power despite elections scheduled for December 17. He agreed not to run in the elections as a precondition for the U.S. invasion, and has promised to step down in favor of the election's winner. But U.S. sources say the chanting was orchestrated by Aristide security aides. Last week, Aristide met with top cabinet advisers and legislators to discuss holding a plebiscite on whether he should remain in power.

Dealing with Aristide has been an American headache for years, but now his shenanigans are dividing Clinton's foreign-policy team at the outset of its most difficult venture, in Bosnia. The president's national security adviser Anthony Lake, and his deputy Sandy Berger, have mused that it might be better to let Aristide *have* his three years, especially given the economic extremism of his hand-picked successor, René Préval. State Department Haiti coordinator Jim Dobbins urges patience with Aristide, saying his moves must be understood in a Haitian context and that he will eventually behave as he promised.

But a large and growing group of skeptics takes a harder line. Misgivings are gravest among Adm. William Owens, the departing Joint Chiefs of Staff vice chairman, and Deputy Secretary of Defense John White. More surprising are the concerns of Deputy Attorney General Jamie Gorelick, a reliable domestic liberal who has been involved because Justice runs the police training program that has been the invasion's one unqualified success. A deputy for Gorelick has expressed alarm at Aristide's use of un-vetted police to carry out special operations outside the constitutional chain of command.

Al Gore's national security adviser, Leon Fuerth, once an Aristide fan, has wearied of the Haitian president, says an administration source. Gore paid a visit to Port-au-Prince in October, during which Tipper Gore's motorcade was stoned by an organized mob. But that doesn't mean the vice president has changed direction. "Gore didn't like that, but it wasn't anything new to him," says an administration source. That is, he's always disliked Aristide. The administration has put this personal antipathy to use, deputizing Gore to deliver its harshest messages to Aristide, even in the past weeks. Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott is more sympathetic to Aristide, and so "there's a tendency to use Gore as the bad cop and Talbott as the good cop," says an aide to one high-level policymaker.

Aristide's boast that if Clinton "is to have a successful 1996, I must have a successful 1995" may be correct, but he's wrong if he thinks he can call the shots. The administration may not be able to permit an Aristide "auto-coup" even if it wishes to. An amendment to the foreign operations appropriations bill, authored by Florida Republican Rep. Porter Goss, would cut off American aid to Haiti after March 1 of next year if there has been no succession.

So the elections will probably take place, and on February 7, Aristide will be succeeded by Préval. He's a graduate of the Soviet Union's Patrice Lumumba University, the world's key training ground for international terrorism, and a veteran of the Marxist guerrilla movement in Guinea-Bissau. Three weeks after Préval's inauguration, U.S. occupying forces will begin to withdraw as scheduled. That's the earliest we'll be able to tell whether President Clinton's first venture into the headwinds of negative polls on foreign policy was a success or a failure. ♦

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Awash in Campbell's Soup: A Test for Gingrichism

By David Brooks

Santa Clara, Calif.

A two-foot statue of Napoleon glowers from the shelf. Jacques Louis David's rendering of Napoleon's self-coronation dominates the wall. Republican congressional candidate Tom Campbell sits in his office facing the emperor, triangulating like crazy. He's distancing himself from the Democrats, who he says don't really want to balance the budget. But he's also distancing himself from the congressional Republicans. He thinks they should drop the family tax cut and should spend more on Medicare. If the short Frenchman had been this careful in positioning himself, he wouldn't have recklessly invaded Russia in the wintertime.

Tom Campbell is running in the Dec. 12 special election for the Silicon Valley seat being vacated by Democrat Norman Mineta. A former congressman himself, Campbell entered the campaign as the overwhelming favorite. But the Democratic party and the little-known Democratic nominee Jerry Estruth nationalized the race. Their first barrage of TV spots didn't even mention Campbell. They blasted Newt Gingrich and urged voters to send a message. Estruth smashes all records for the number of times it is possible to mention the word "Gingrich" in a single paragraph, and his efforts to link the moderate Campbell to Gingrich are imaginative. If the two used the same toothpaste, the Democrats would use it.

And the strategy was working. Campaign polls showed Campbell's lead falling from 26 points to about 8. Republicans in Washington took notice. House members can already imagine the commercials that would be run against them in 1996, morphing their lovely features into those of the speaker. Gingrich himself has more immediate concerns. The special election takes place three days before the next budget showdown. If Campbell loses his race on the budget issue, then there will be an epidemic of wobbliness in Republican ranks.

The good news for Republicans is that the Democratic strategy probably isn't going to work. Tom Campbell will likely beat the attempts to "Newter" him. His lead has stabilized and, among people who will actually turn out, he should do well. The bad news for Republicans is that he's doing it by running as Bill Clinton. There's only a slight difference between his ideas and the White House budget strategy. Both want balance in seven years that protects Clintonite social programs and leaves out the tax cut.

It's only one district, and an idiosyncratic one, but a Campbell victory would suggest two things. First, while independents and moderates may tell pollsters they disapprove of Newt Gingrich, their feelings about GOP budget strategy are not so visceral that they will spite well-liked local Republicans. And second, the Clinton strategists who suggest the president should cut a deal on the budget are right. If he agrees to a seven-year balanced budget that is cosmetically softer than the GOP version, he captures the ground that is now being sought by Perotistas and moderate Republicans.

It's easy to see why the Democrats would want to try out their anti-Gingrich strategy here in California's 15th District: They have a weak candidate who could not possibly win on his own. Former San Jose city councilman Jerry Estruth has been out of politics for over a decade, working as a stockbroker, and he clearly hasn't been paying much attention to national affairs. His answers in an interview are nervous and halting, his knowledge of issues extremely superficial. The Democrats had to take the emphasis off the one-on-one match-up between Estruth and the polished and smart Campbell, so they brought in outside Newt-bashers, including a press secretary who came in from the recent Louisiana gubernatorial race—a failed attempt to use Gingrich to local effect.

The 15th is a generally Democratic district, where anti-Newt sympathies would be expected to run high. Democrats hold a 46 percent to 38 percent advantage among registered voters; Mineta had been winning landslide pluralities for most of the last 10 elections. In 1992, Clinton trounced Bush here by 16 points (Perot earned 23 percent of the vote). The local governments in San Jose (which juts into the district) and Santa Clara are unapologetically liberal, with politicians who are still raising taxes to pay for public works.

But more interesting than the district's middle-class Democrats are its rich Republican areas in the

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western towns of Los Gatos and Saratoga. This is Silicon Valley territory, the home of information-age Republicanism. Because these are the folks who are more likely to turn out in a special election, they will play an important role on December 12.

The Republicans here combine Old Brains and New Money. Many had well-educated parents, and now, thanks to their software skills, they have been able to pull down big salaries. It's the kind of place where upscale parents shop at toy stores that pretend to be educational institutions—with names like Zany-Brainy, Imaginarium, and The Learning Center.

This brand of Republican bills himself as fiscally conservative and socially liberal. Tom Campbell says that the issues he is asked about most frequently are balancing the budget, education, Bosnia, abortion (the menace of the Christian right), and the environment.

You'd think that Newt would get some credit in these quarters for his Toffleresque enthusiasm for high technology, but his unfavorables are as high here as they are nationwide—which is to say, around 60 percent. Part of that is caused by environmental and Medicare concerns, but the Democratic candidate Jerry Estruth is not attacking Republicanism or even conservatism. Indeed, the Democrat also talks about balancing the budget and slashing marginal tax rates and capital gains rates. Rather, his is a personalized attack on Campbell and Gingrich. And a lot of the negative feeling about Newt in the district seems to be aesthetic. "Not too much zeal," British diplomats used to tell their protégés; the young affluent moderates here, likewise, have little taste for stridency and overstatement.

This is a Lexus district, and Tom Campbell is the Lexus of candidates. In a debate last month he even dressed like a Lexus, all black, silver, and gray. He's emblematic of the district, and as National Republican Congressional Committee chairman Bill Paxon says, "Without Tom Campbell we wouldn't have a chance."

Campbell grew up in an Irish Democratic household in Chicago, the son of a federal judge. He cast his first vote for George McGovern, but at the University of Chicago, he was influenced by Milton Friedman. He earned a simultaneous B.A. and M.A. there at age 20. He went on to get a law degree from Harvard, and came back to Chicago for an economics doctorate. He clerked for Supreme Court Justice Whizzer White (working on the *Bakke* decision, which would influence his subsequent opposition to affirmative action). He was a prosecutor in Chicago and a lawyer at the Federal Trade Commission before becoming a law professor at Stanford, the youngest tenured professor in the university's history. In case his mother doesn't have enough cause to be proud of him, he doesn't drink or party (that's the University of Chicago influence). He's charming, and the only personal vices people talk about are his love of double-chocolate milkshakes from Denny's and his comb-over hairstyle.

In some districts this record of achievement would be enough to make people sick, but Silicon Valley is the land of meritocracy, so they go for it. He first was elected to Congress in a neighboring district. He served during the Bush administration, often angering the Bushies with his ever more subtle explanations of why he couldn't support certain conservative measures. He co-founded the Republican Majority Coalition, a moderate Republican pressure group that he said at the time was designed to "exclude issues of morality and conscience as litmus tests of being Republican." But on spending, the story was different: He was rated the most frugal member of Congress by the National Taxpayers' Union in 1992 and often opposed pork for his own district.

In 1992, he ran against Bruce Herschensohn and Sonny Bono for what is now Barbara Boxer's Senate seat. Herschensohn beat him in the GOP primary by spending a lot of money portraying Campbell as a liberal, a reputation he now uses to the hilt to unhitch himself from Gingrich: "I'm not only a moderate, I'm the most clearly identified moderate Republican in California." He made his pro-choice views central to that campaign. He's an Arlen Specter Republican (so there are at least two of them) and refuses to talk about endorsing a presidential hopeful because Specter has not officially dropped out.

He's been serving the last year in the state Senate, where he was one of only two Republicans—remember, this is California—to support a bill that would have guaranteed a woman's right to wear pantsuits to work.

Campbell believes that Republicans can beat the Democratic anti-strategy simply by emphasizing the need to balance the budget over and over again. "You find overwhelming support for the balanced budget, and no one thinks it would happen if the Republicans had not taken a majority." When he talks about a balanced budget, his eyes almost get misty. He calls it the most important issue of the era and argues that when a deficit-cutting deal is struck it will overshadow any popular concerns about GOP strategies to get there.

On a more practical level, Campbell seems to have halted his opponent's gains by going negative against Estruth, portraying him as slightly shady city council-

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man. He points to campaign contributions the Democrat took from a major developer with interests before the council. One ad links Estruth to an Orange County-style fiscal scandal that struck San Jose while Estruth was in office. The Democrat also wrote a letter seeking leniency for a convicted gambler; the gambler had contributed $5,000 to his campaign. Not all the charges are totally persuasive, but they have served to shift attention away from Washington and back to local personalities.

But the bulk of Campbell's time is spent triangulating, distancing himself from both Democrats and conservative Republicans. And since Bill Clinton seems to be heralding a golden age of triangulation, we might as well sit back and appreciate it as an art form.

As practiced by Campbell and others, it is a supple dance. It involves a series of small steps to the left, and then just when that flow is perceptible, a series of small steps to the right. An interview with Campbell is a fascinating experience, since one is confronted by so many nuanced and carefully chosen words. In a televised debate last week, he was overly policy-wonky, because he has to get into the details of legislation to show how he subtly differs from both Gingrich and the Democrats.

Tom Campbell

Campbell claims there is principle behind all this, and that is libertarianism—getting the government out of people's lives in economic and social matters. But his is a strange form of libertarianism, since he opposes tax cuts, opposed the California school voucher initiative, and won't list even a single major program that the government is now running that should cease. He refuses even to call for an end to the Department of Education, but falls back into diplomatic-speak: "The origin of the Department of Education is conducive to questioning. I'm not convinced it has fulfilled its promise."

In his new book *The Lost City*, Alan Ehrenhalt points out that in 1950s Chicago, politicians, especially when young, were content to hitch themselves to a team, so that a group could pull together. But upscale districts like the 15th value independence of mind more than loyalty to a larger institution, and Campbell's suppleness is representative of this larger social trend.

It's Gingrich who has to make compromises with different sections of his coalition; these independence-lovers have the luxury of remaining pristine. It's Gingrich who plays partisan, to win the victory that makes a balanced budget conceivable—at which point the triangulators come in and try to conciliate, to muddy the waters, to prove they are not beholden to anyone or anything.

The problem is not ultimately with Campbell, but with the political tastes of these highly educated communities. Everyone knows they've lost faith in government. But they've also lost faith in the elementary principle of politics, which is that politicians sometimes need to be loyal members of coalitions and institutions. If all 435 representatives showed the independence of mind and triangulating skills that are valued around here, then nothing would ever get passed.

In truth, the people of the 15th care little about the race. The campaign has received scant attention in the local media, even in the area's dominant paper, the *San Jose Mercury News*. Both candidates say they have given more interviews to the national press than to the locals. And there are few lawn signs. If you pull people aside and ask what they think of Gingrich, most say they don't like him, but there is little sense of burning anger. The general distaste for politics and government might be bad for Republicans in the short term, but it is good for conservatives.

Campbell should pull through in what was always going to be a tight race, given the district's make-up. But if he does lose, then the tremors will be substantial. We will be forced to deal with the fact that the new American elites in areas like Silicon Valley may be injecting a strange narcotic into the body politic: a new political class without resolve or will, a bloc that has been sent to Washington for the purpose of getting nothing done. ♦

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Dark Science: Al Gore and the FDA

By Henry I. Miller

Bill Clinton regularly touts the importance of science and technology and calls for increased government influence over research. He decries congressional budget-balancers who would trim mediocre technology programs such as those at the Department of Commerce, asserting that the federal government has "a critical role to play" in performing and financing research and development. Yet on what is arguably the most exciting frontier of science today—biotechnology—his administration has espoused theories and adopted policies that stifle innovation.

To be sure, the administration has regularly hosted media events unveiling schemes for "streamlined" regulation. Its spokesmen have picked up some of the vocabulary of free markets and regulatory reform, yet they neither understand nor show a real commitment to them. A major source of the problem is the nation's technology czar, Vice President Al Gore, who would rather regulate technology than stimulate it. Critical new regulatory policies have expanded the federal government's mandate and its intrusiveness, guided more by political correctness—and the vice president's idiosyncratic views—than by what is good for public health and the environment.

Gore's approach to regulation is shaped by a radical "green" ideology and a desire to purge dissenting views from the councils of government. Unfortunately, the president's science adviser, John H. Gibbons, who should provide a counterweight to Gore's extreme and uninformed ideas, seems to have been selected for his low profile and docility. As a result, the vice president's influence is largely unopposed—especially in biotechnology, a field in which he styles himself an expert.

Biotechnology refers to the manipulation of genes in cells or organisms to create or improve products. These products range from disease-resistant crops and bacteria that synthesize human drugs to better-tasting foods and healthier oils. While a senator, Gore took a particular interest in issues relating to biotechnology. He praised *Algeny*, Jeremy Rifkin's bizarre anti-biotechnology diatribe, and is quoted on the cover pronouncing it "an important book" and an "insightful critique of the changing way in which mankind views nature."

In a 1991 article in the *Harvard Journal of Law and Technology*, Gore revealed a remarkable lack of insight into biotechnology's past, present, and future. He disdainfully described investors' eager reception of Genentech, Inc.'s stock offering in 1980 as the first sellout of the "tree of knowledge to Wall Street." He ignored biotechnology's pre-Genentech commercial successes, although fermentation using microorganisms to produce antibiotics, enzymes, vaccines, foods, beverages, and other products was a $100 billion industry even before gene splicing. Gore observed that companies' selection of products for research and development is driven by commercial motives like profit and patent protection, rather than by "the public's interest." He disparaged the notion of letting the marketplace decide and deplored appropriately-minimal government oversight of experiments entailing negligible risk as a regulatory "vacuum."

At bottom, Gore seemed to consider the new technologies in some way sinister. "The decisions to develop ice-minus [bacteria], herbicide-resistant plants, and bovine growth hormone," he wrote, ". . . lent credibility to those who argued that biotechnology would make things worse before it made things better." This is a truly puzzling characterization of the harmless and ubiquitous ice-minus bacterium, used to prevent frost damage to crops, and of the development of environmentally friendly herbicide-resistant plants that will reduce the use of agricultural chemicals and provide farmers with additional tools. Gore's antipathy to genetic engineering reflects a suspicion of science and technology generally that is on full display in his 1993 bestseller, *Earth in the Balance*.

Gore's central thesis is that we need to take "bold and unequivocal action . . . [to] make the rescue of

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the environment the central organizing principle for civilization." Repeatedly, he uses the Holocaust as a metaphor for environmental destruction and suggests that polluters and those with too much faith in technological advances are as sinister as the criminals of World War II.

Gore examines the political, "eco-nomic," psychological, sociological, and religious roots of the pollution problem. Classical economics, in his view, "defines productivity narrowly and encourages us to equate gains in productivity with economic progress. But the Holy Grail of progress is so alluring that economists tend to overlook the bad side effects that often accompany improvements." This shortcoming of markets he likens to "the moral blindness implicit in racism and anti-Semitism." Part of Gore's remedy is to redefine concepts like growth, productivity, and gross national product. The purpose of this revision is clear: It enables governments to obscure the costs of environmental protection by calling them "benefits" and forces businesses to list as "costs" some wealth-creating activity otherwise considered beneficial to society. The consequence for regulators is a willingness to pile stifling costs on business in the name of the environment.

The vice president's New Age philosophizing leaves few cliches unexplored. Sexism gets a bashing, as Gore argues that our approach to technological development has been shaped by aggressive male domination instead of by the nurturing instinct of women. Predictably, too, Gore opines that our civilization is "addicted to the consumption of the earth itself." His psychoanalysis of mankind's drive to pollute continues:

> In psychological terms, our rapid and aggressive expansion into what remains of the wildness of the earth represents an effort to plunder from outside civilization what we cannot find inside. Our insatiable drive to rummage deep beneath the surface of the earth, remove all the coal, petroleum, and other fossil fuels we can find, then burn them as quickly as they are found—in the process filling the atmosphere with carbon dioxide and other pollutants—is a willful expansion of our dysfunctional civilization into vulnerable parts of the natural world.

But Gore's attitudes are more deeply rooted than the trendy jargon he uses. At a philosophical level, he disparages the Cartesian method, the heart of scientific inquiry, for disconnecting man from nature and religion. Gore is suspicious of the value-neutral nature of science, skeptical of its objectivity. He writes: "But for the separation of science and religion, we might not be pumping so much gaseous chemical waste into the atmosphere and threatening the destruction of the earth's climate balance." (But for the separation of science and religion, we would likely still be saddled with the pre-Copernican notion that the sun and planets revolve around the Earth.)

The environmental agenda Gore sets out in *Earth in the Balance* calls for massive direct and indirect government intervention, including a $100 billion green Marshall Plan, to stave off environmental Armageddon. Since early in the Clinton administration, he has been well positioned to pursue his ends: By executive order on September 30, 1993, President Clinton placed the vice president in charge of regulatory priorities. Thus was Gore handed, if not the power fully to realize his regulatory *Weltanschauung*, at least considerable latitude to put his ideology into action. The fate of the new biotechnology as regulated by two federal agencies—the Environmental Protection Agency and the Food and Drug Administration—illustrates the result.

Under the Clinton administration, EPA's policies have inhibited whole sectors of U.S. industry that are attempting to use biotechnology to remediate toxic wastes and develop alternatives to chemical pesticides. This did not have to be so. Over the last 15 years, the scientific community has developed an intellectually solid foundation for government oversight of biotechnology. In essence, and in plain language, the National Academy of Sciences and others concluded that the new methods of genetic manipulation are not fundamentally different from, or riskier than, older methods long used in microbiology and agriculture, such as hybridization or mutagenesis. Whether a new product is risky—whether its introduction into a new environment, for example, threatens that environment, or whether it can safely be consumed by humans—does not derive from how the product was developed but must be judged from the characteristics of the product itself. Thus, a field trial of genetically improved wheat, corn, tomatoes, or petunias is likely to carry negligible risk, while an experiment with an aggressive plant like kudzu or bamboo, or with a pathogenic virus, probably carries higher risk and therefore should be subject to greater government scrutiny.

The scientific consensus notwithstanding, the Clinton-Gore EPA has proposed new regulations triggered by the use of advanced biotechnology rather than by any risks associated with its products. This approach was characterized in a 1993 report by the British House of Lords Select Committee on Science and Technology as "excessively precautionary, obsolescent, and unscientific." Nevertheless, the EPA is using it in regulating field trials of biotechnology-produced

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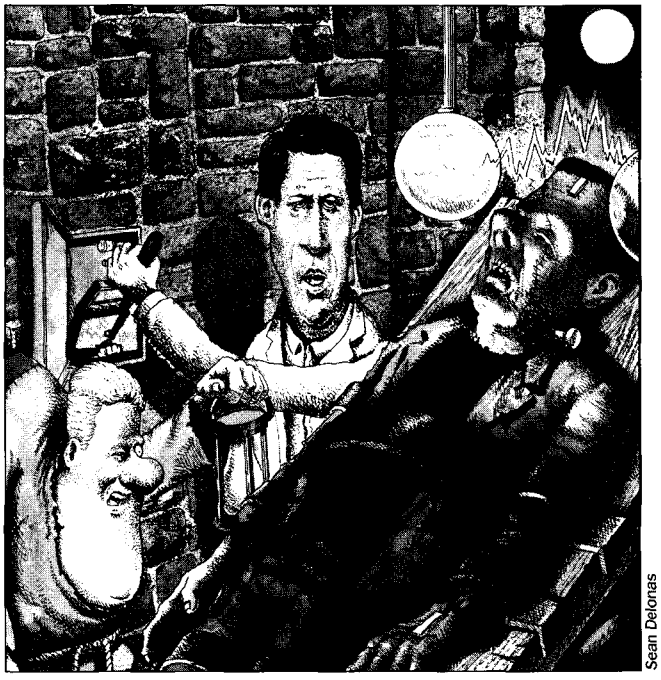
microorganisms used for pest control, oil-spill clean-up, and other purposes. These regulations place an extraordinary burden on researchers.

In addition, the EPA last year proposed regulations that would require the review of a category of product that until now has required no regulation at all: new varieties of plants genetically improved for enhanced resistance to disease or pathogens. The upshot is that small-scale testing of new varieties of tomatoes, potatoes, marigolds, and the like—if and only if they are produced by genetic engineering—will be regulated more stringently than chemicals similar to DDT, parathion, or the lethal sarin. You don't have to be a scientist to know that this makes no sense.

Of even greater concern than regressive regulatory policies like these is the raw political influence brought to bear on regulatory agencies' decisions about individual products. Under the Clinton administration, both misguided regulation and capitulation to political pressure have been present at the FDA, which oversees food, drugs, and medical devices.


Sean Delonas

One simple example of capitulation, from outside the field of biotechnology, is the female condom. Because of this device's dubious reliability, FDA professionals were reluctant to approve it. Its annual failure rate in normal use was 26 percent, more than twice the failure rate of male condoms and 20 times the rate of hormonal contraceptives. However, word came down that the politicos in the office of the secretary of health and human services wanted the condom approved. Damn science and medicine, it had the support of feminists. Approval soon followed.

Biotechnology policy and product review again provide illuminating examples of the rise of political influence at the agency. The FDA had maintained a consistent and generally positive record in biotech regulation over 15 years. From the agency's earliest contact with products of gene splicing in 1979, senior policymakers decided that scientific considerations would dictate regulation. They actually anticipated the scientific consensus described above. Thus, the FDA regulated the first new biotechnology products—human insulin, hepatitis vaccine, AIDS diagnostic kits, and so forth—no differently from products made by other methods. All were measured against the same criteria of safety and efficacy, the same standards of purity and potency. The predictability and impartiality of the regulatory review process stimulated researchers, companies, and investors to favor this industrial sector. As a result, more than 1,000 new biotech products were approved for marketing, including some genuine milestones in the treatment of diseases ranging from cancer to cystic fibrosis and multiple sclerosis. Millions of patients have received these safe and effective products, and hundreds more are in development.

During the past three years, however, the FDA's biotechnology policy has undergone a sea change. This was accomplished in several ways. First, it is no coincidence that FDA Commissioner David Kessler is the only senior political appointee from the Bush administration still in government. He has survived by being willing to craft any policy, make any decision, cut any corner, in order to satisfy his political masters. Second, the vice president's influence is pervasive. Instructions from the Clinton administration are relayed from Gore's senior adviser for domestic policy, Greg Simon, via FDA's political commissar, a former Gore Senate staffer named Jerold Mande, and several other senior officials with close personal or family ties to the vice president. Directives from the White House pertain to regulatory policies, decisions on individual products, and personnel changes. Their effect has been to undermine the scientific paradigm that has governed FDA policy for 15 years.

Signaling the reversal, FDA announced last year that it would soon require food manufacturers to notify the agency before marketing foods manufactured with new biotechnology techniques, while exempting those crafted with older, cruder techniques. Notification would be required regardless of possible risk. Similarly, FDA's Center for Veterinary Medicine

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announced that it would, in effect, regulate the application of new biotechnology techniques to animals, instead of considering the likely risks from given products. With these moves, the agency appears to be seeking new regulatory dominions, despite its chronic complaints of inadequate resources. And never mind that the new policies will inevitably discourage the use of the newer, more precise techniques, denying consumers the choice of more nutritious, tasty, effective, and convenient products.

Confronted by a deregulation-minded Republican Congress, FDA shelved the biotech food notification proposal in February 1995, at least temporarily, but not before it had subjected a new long-shelf-life tomato to a four-year review. For comparison, the reviews of the first two new biotech therapeutics in the early 1980s—human insulin and human-growth hormone—required five and eleven *months*, respectively. The Clinton-Gore FDA's review of the bovine milk-stimulating drug bST (bovine somatotropin) reflected the same spirit. On instructions from Jerold Mande, Kessler directed a vigorous FDA-wide search for reasons *not* to approve it. Two completely superfluous meetings of advisory committees were held (at taxpayers' expense) during the final stages of bST's evaluation, as a fishing expedition for arguments against approval. In the end, the product was reluctantly approved, under threat of lawsuits from Monsanto.

Other changes within FDA also reflect the new order. Since the 1992 elections, Kessler has eliminated the two policy offices having extensive involvement with the biotechnology industry (the Office of Biotechnology and the Office of Small Business, Scientific, and Trade Affairs). Direction on science policy, and sometimes even on civil service personnel matters, now comes through Mande, whose title is executive assistant to the commissioner; his portfolio was described by Linda Suydam, until recently FDA associate commissioner for operations, as "areas that are of high visibility and/or of interest to the White House."

The outcome of any given agency decision is less important than the fact that the regulatory process is no longer impartial, depending on law and science, but permits politicians to dictate to regulators. The new biotechnology has enormous potential for good. But the policies of the Clinton-Gore FDA—which afford no conceivable public health advantage—generate uncertainty. They raise doubts about the fairness of regulation and timeliness in getting products to market, and they send consumers mixed messages about product safety. Inevitably, such uncertainties discourage investment in innovation. Ultimately, they reduce the availability of new products and thus can be deemed a detriment to public health.

FDA's recent actions are damaging enough, but they leave the door open to others that would be positively nefarious. If the White House has directed agencies' decisions for reasons of ideology, how far-fetched is the idea that it might do so for reasons of politics? Who would be surprised, say, by White House encouragement to delay approval of a product made by a company known for giving generously to Republican causes or to expedite a product made by a company friendly to the administration? To those who would say that such unethical and illegal actions are unthinkable, particularly in an administration that promised its leaders would be moral exemplars, read on.

Since Al Gore became vice president, he and Greg Simon have been intolerant of any challenge to their view of science policy. They have gone to extremes that Hazel O'Leary could only dream of, in order to purge their enemies—extremes reminiscent of the Nixon administration.

To control science and technology policy and to rid the civil service of dissent, Gore and Simon have interfered improperly in personnel matters. Thus, while working for the vice president, Simon threatened a high-ranking official at the Department of Energy with retaliation if she hired the former assistant director of the National Science Foundation, David Kingsbury. Simon and Kingsbury had clashed on biotechnology policy in earlier years; while a congressional staffer, Simon had hounded Kingsbury from government with unsubstantiated charges of conflict of interest. Also while working for the vice president, Simon improperly ordered FDA to remove a senior civil servant from his position. An FDA official admitted that this was retribution for the "transgression" of having implemented Reagan-Bush-era policies. Gore himself dismissed Will Happer, a senior scientist at the Department of Energy, because Happer refused to ignore scientific evidence that conflicted with the vice president's theories on ozone depletion and global warming. Similar incidents have occurred at the departments of State, Energy, and Interior, and at EPA, where civil servants have been moved to less visible positions or temporarily replaced during interactions with the White House for their own "protection."

One has to wonder how much of this the president knows. The vice president's policies and actions conflict, after all, with Clinton's repeated promises to give the country "leaner, but not meaner," government. It is possible, of course, that on that point, as on others, Clinton has changed his mind. ♦

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Sinatra at 80: Ring-a-Ding-Don't

By Andrew Ferguson

Frank Sinatra turns 80 on December 12, setting off one of those familiar convulsions in the vast publicity machine of American show biz. The smoke has barely cleared from the last convulsion, concluded only a week or two ago for the Beatles, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their breakup as "the band that changed the world." The juxtaposition makes for a revealing contrast. Frank never much liked the Beatles, never grew comfortable with the way they changed the world. Of course he didn't: The world they changed, back there in the mid-sixties, was Frank's world.

In addition to the TV specials, the CD retrospectives, the radio marathons, the somber appreciations in the newsmagazines and the lifestyle sections of newspapers, the publicity machine is offering up a crateful of books that range from the merely worshipful to the hagiographic. For example, *Sinatra! The Song Is You* (Scribner, $30, 557 pages) a long and loving account of the singer's work by the critic Will Friedwald, features praise worthy of Bach or Shakespeare, complete with Straussian terminology: "His artistic canon is as close to perfect as any of us are able to deliver."

The self-described "saloon singer" has even inspired a "reader"—*The Frank Sinatra Reader*—a work that, unlike other "readers," contains not a single word written by its eponymous subject. This compilation of tributes proves that, whatever art Sinatra may have produced himself, he has inspired some of the worst writing of the century. All right: I exaggerate. But it's catching. The novelist William Kennedy, asked to compose a tribute for Sinatra's 75th birthday, sets the tone: "In the 1950s, there came *In the Wee Small Hours*, which conditioned your life, especially with a young woman with lush blond hair who used to put the record on and pray to Frank for a lover. All that perfumed hair, and it came undone. That certainly was a good year. . . . "

THE TRIBUTES ALLOW US TO SEE FRANK'S WORLD BEFORE THE BEATLES SUPERSEDED HIM. AND TELL US WHY WE SHOULD BE FOREVER GRATEFUL THEY DID.

The beatification of Frank Sinatra is upon us. But once you fan away the windy praise—"one of the three or four greatest interpretive artists the world has ever known"; "a body of work unrivaled in twentieth century music"; many other sentences that contain the word *oeuvre*—the tributes have their uses. They allow us to reconstruct Frank's world as it was before the moptops pushed him from center stage. And tell us why we should be forever grateful that they did.

The dicey task for Sinatra worshippers involves what is sometimes called the "Gauguin problem"—separating the brutishness of the artist from the beauty of his art. For Gauguin it was the cold-blooded ditching of his family for Tahiti, where he produced pictures of dangling fruit and overripe breasts; for Sinatra it was a "lifestyle" that entailed chronic misogyny, boozy brawls with pimps and whores, and lifelong social and business relationships with fellows named "The Weasel" and "Ratface."

The lifestyle was chronicled with relish by Kitty Kelley in 1986's *His Way*, billed as an "unauthorized biography" but in fact an exhaustive catalogue of Frank's pathologies. One enduring image from Kelley's book—the image that sums up all that comes before and after—is of Frank in his Vegas suite after a show, late at night/early in the morning, knife and fork in hand, eating a hearty breakfast of steak and eggs—off the chest of a prostitute. He has always been a man of large appetites.

What better means to solve the Gauguin problem than a testament from the singer's loyal, grateful, parasitic daughter Nancy? Her coffee-table-sized *Frank Sinatra: An American Legend* (General Publishing Group, $45, 368 pages) inevitably recycles material from her earlier devotional memoir, *Frank Sinatra: My Father,* but it offers scant comfort for fans hoping to get past the mythic Sinatra vulgarity. The new book is a day-by-day chronicle of the Chairman's life, listing every gig at the Sands, every recording session, every Friar's roast of Dean

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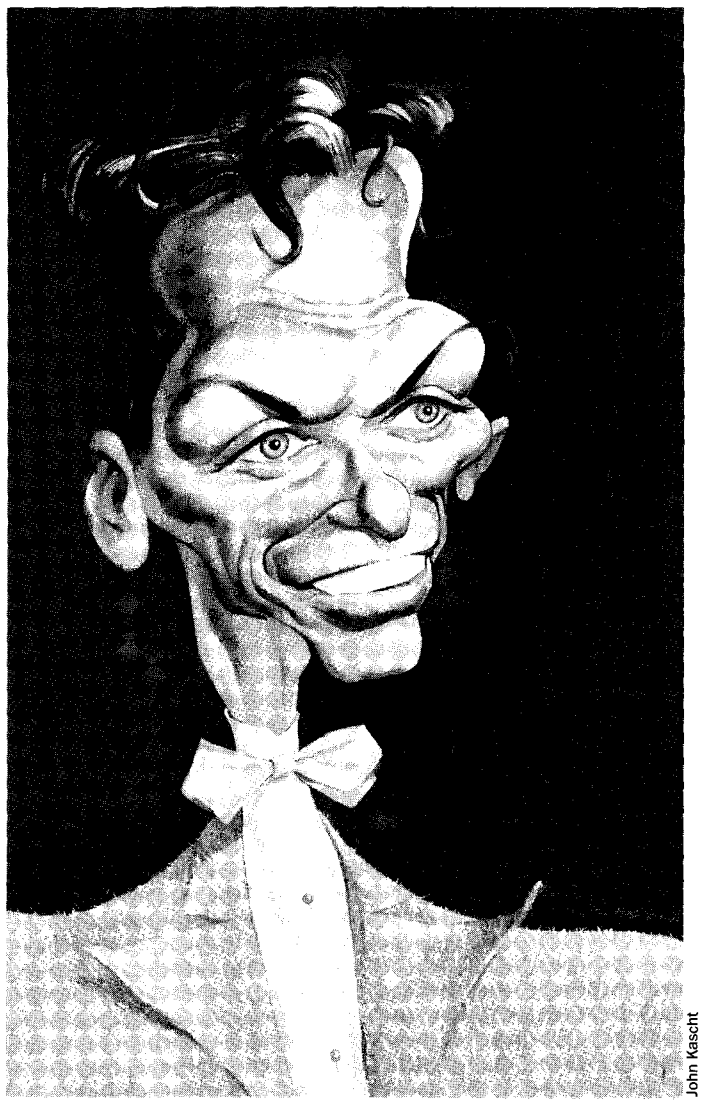
and Sammy. And more: Here is Frank, offended at the gossip columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, sending her a full-sized tombstone with her name on it. Frank teaming up with Joe DiMaggio and a few "associates" to break down the door of an apartment where they suspected Marilyn Monroe was fooling around unsupervised. Frank, talking his "acquaintance" Sam Giancana into helping JFK "win" the West Virginia primary. Frank, denied credit at the baccarat table at the Sands, ripping the wires out of the switchboard and driving a golf cart through the lobby window. And this is the *authorized* biography.

Still, the daughter's natural protectiveness is endearing. When Frank travels to pre-Castro Havana to meet with Lucky Luciano, she is careful to say he "allegedly" had his picture taken. When she quotes one journalist on Frank's "alleged connections with mobsters," you can almost see her ball her fists: "It's obvious that Mr. Salerno had not done his homework, since my father had never been indicted for anything." A daughter's boast.

And yet, say Sinatra fans, and yet: There is, there will always be, the music, which they find mysteriously unspoiled by the personal shortcomings of the artist himself. *The Frank Sinatra Reader* (edited by Steven Petkov and Leonard Mustazza, Oxford University Press, $27.50, 297 pages) contains a number of essays supporting this view. Sinatra came to his greatest fame in the years following the war, when the nation's universities swelled with academics aching to apply their skills to the popular arts. As a consequence, he has probably had more baloney written about him than any other living American.



John Kascht

The *Reader* offers a few of these efforts, but most of its critical appreciations of Sinatra the artist tend to be decidedly unacademic.

They tend, to the contrary, to be personal: some version, like William Kennedy's, of Sinatra and Me, in which the music seems less an independent artifact than an occasion to recapture lost youth. As Friedwald puts it: "So much of our lives have been lived to the soundtrack of Sinatra's [that] it's ultimately impossible to tell where our actual experiences end and those we've felt vicariously through Sinatra's lyrics begin."

Fine, as far as it goes, which isn't very far. Pop music of any time thrives on personal associations. Without them it loses much of its effect. A Beatles fan, contemplating the greatness of the band that changed the world, will almost inevitably end up remembering where he was when he first heard *Rubber Soul*, and then the Hendrix poster in his dorm room, and the incomprehensions of Mom and Dad. . . . This is one of the things that separates pop music from music that endures. Beethoven's appeal doesn't turn on the fact that you used to make out in the back seat of your dad's Chevy while the radio played the *Andante* from the Emperor Concerto.

The problem arises when those associations are rolled out to make the case for the pop musician as Artist. Sinatra's greatest creative period, it's generally agreed, came in the 1950s, with the release of a series of albums on the Capitol label. "Being an eighteen-carat manic depressive," he once said, "I have an acute capacity for both sadness and elation." The Capitol albums are the perfect reflection of

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his either/or personality. They express one of two moods, exclusively. The big brassy albums, like *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, show Frank the swinger, with lots of shouted "Jacks" and "babes" thrown in for emphasis. The rest—the "suicide albums," like *Where Are You?* and *Only the Lonely*—show Frank in a funk, in danger of being swallowed whole by a lush, pillowy string orchestra. Even for someone who neither danced nor made out to them, the albums have moments that force you to catch your breath. It's hard to imagine anyone listening to "I've Got You Under My Skin," from *Swingin' Lovers*, without getting giddy. And there are performances of surpassing delicacy: *Only the Lonely* closes with Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen's great saloon song, "One for My Baby." In the forties, Friedwald tells us, Sinatra had sung the song in B. Here, though his voice has deepened and mellowed, he ratchets the key up to D. A piano plays in the distance; the strings, for once, are muted. The result is art of a heightened kind that popular entertainers seldom reach. It's almost enough to make you want to use the word *oeuvre*.

On the other hand . . . Has any entertainer ever been cut so much slack by so many? Aside from Judy Garland? The suicide albums, with Frank's forced tremolo, his slides and funereal phrasing, are the work of a man for whom self-pity is the most pleasing indulgence. The mawkishness of, say, "I'm a Fool to Want You" from *Where Are You?*, verges on self-parody. (Frank, get a grip!) Throughout the albums he hits more than a few notes flat, and they are preserved for the ages, an indelible part of the *oeuvre*. By many accounts, including his own, his legendary perfectionism seems indeed to have been just legend. As a recording artist he was in a hurry. "Often I was a little impatient in making a record," he said later, "and I said, 'That's it, press it, print it.'"

In extenuation for these lapses critics tend to overreach: Much is made of the conventions of the *bel canto* tradition, and technical terms like *appogiatura* (a vocal slur) are desperately invoked. It doesn't wash. It should be no slight to Sinatra's formidable talent to point out that the phrasing so celebrated by critics doesn't cut the best singing of Fred Astaire, or that his tonal control and melodic sense can't match those of the peerless Bing Crosby—neither of whom has been celebrated in cults of Sinatraphiliac intensity.

The swing albums are similarly uneven. They are often praised for their exuberance, but 40 years later the exuberance just sounds like strut and swagger. Brassy, up-tempo versions of ballads like "They Can't Take That Away From Me" and "Our Love Is Here to Stay" make you wonder whether he's even aware of what the songs mean. Here the life really does infect the art. It's not hard to imagine the Frank Sinatra of the swing albums—the self-regarding, finger-snapping hipster in the cocked fedora—finishing a recording session and ordering up a hooker for a nice chestful of steak and eggs.

By the mid-1960s, the swinger Frank had atrophied into a public persona. This was the Frank of the Rat Pack, trailing greasy sycophants like Peter Lawford and Dean Martin and Sammy Davis, Jr., the Frank of shot-on-the-fly movies like *Ocean's Eleven*, of croaking, late-night shows in Vegas done with a Camel in one hand and a glass of Black Jack in the other. His greatest recordings receded into the distant past, as he pushed unlistenable new product like "Strangers in the Night" and (with

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Nancy) the aptly titled "Something Stupid." He was seldom photographed out of a tux. Onstage he indulged his taste for racist humor: "The Polacks are deboning the blacks. They want to use 'em for wet suits." There were more brawls, more vendettas against columnists who wrote unkindly. The life overtook the art.

Worse, the life suffused the culture of American popular entertainment. Most obviously there were the pale imitations like Al Martino and Vic Damone, "class acts" with oil-can pompadours and spit-shine shoes. Sinatra-ism sunk to its most attenuated form in the half-forgotten careers of Fabian and Frankie Avalon and Bobby Darin, whose recording of "Mack the Knife" is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the swingin' Frank.

And then the Beatles arrived to sweep them all away.

The recent ABC special, "The Beatles Anthology," broadcast that first American appearance on *Ed Sullivan* in 1964. From the opening notes of "All My Loving," the suffocating oppressions of Sinatra-ism seemed to lift from all of show biz. The Beatles were jaunty and smiling, with a gift for melodies set to simple, unswinging beats, in songs they wrote themselves. There was plenty of cockiness but no brooding. They joked with the press. They didn't know anyone named "Momo."

Frank let it be known that the Beatles weren't his cup of juice. Gay Talese's famous 1966 profile, "Frank Sinatra Has a Cold" (included in the *Reader*), opens with a scene of intergenerational ill will. The place is a Los Angeles drinking club. Sinatra is feeling petulant; Sinatra often does. He is in the midst of planning a TV special. The show's press release is written in Sinatra-ese: "If you happen to be tired of kid singers wearing mops of hair thick enough to hide a crate of melons, it should be refreshing to consider the entertainment value of a video special titled *Sinatra—A Man and His Music*."

Frank leans against the bar, watching a group of young men, psychedelically clad, playing pool. He isn't pleased. He picks at one of them, the screenwriter of a new movie, *The Oscar*. "I've seen it," Frank tells him, "and it's a piece of crap." Before it's too late, Frank's "associates" escort the young fellow from Frank's presence, and the Chairman of the Board turns to the club manager.

"I don't want anybody in here without coats and ties," he snaps. The manager nods and disappears, leaving Frank to drink in peace.

There's a kind of poignancy in this vignette, a picture of a man before the deluge. But as the 1960s wore on he gave in, halfway. He appeared in Nehru jackets and gold chains, recorded songs, including Beatles songs, at soft-rock tempos, ordered up new toupees with bangs. He even married an exquisitely emaciated flower child, Mia Farrow, and let her travel to India (with the Beatles!) to sit at the feet of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. In the supreme renunciation of his past he recorded an album of "sensitive" songs by . . . Rod McKuen.

In 1971 he threw in the towel, and retired. "He just feels his kind of show business era has ended," Nancy said at the time. As if to prove the point, he returned from retirement to an endless series of stints in Vegas and fly-in, fly-out stadium gigs—some solo, some with Dino and the Candyman, all enormously lucrative. His vast constituency remained loyal as it aged. He enjoyed a great hit with "New York, New York," whose chief virtue was that it replaced "My Way" as his signature song.

Sinatra-ism wouldn't die, but even after the Beatles broke up it survived among baby boomers merely as a ready-made joke. Bill Murray's lounge singer from *Saturday Night Live*—tuxedoed, tone-

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deaf, swingin' hard to the latest charts from Neil Diamond—was late-phase Sinatra-ism distilled to its essence. (Frank himself performed a number of Diamond's songs in the seventies.) The funniest piece ever written about Sinatra—not the biggest category in journalism—is Alex Heard's 1985 *New Republic* article "Frankie and Ronnie," reprinted in still another commemorative collection, *Legend: Frank Sinatra and the American Dream* (edited by Ethlie Ann Vare, Boulevard Books, $13.00, 222 pages). Sinatra had just helped the Reagans celebrate the Inaugural in Washington, where he made a commotion by announcing to the assembled press: "You're all dead, every one of you. You hear me? You're all dead."

"Most Americans," Heard wrote, "have experienced that strange sensation produced by exposure to certain entertainers—a mixture of hatred, disgust, embarrassment, and pathos. Sometimes, if the performer is sufficiently schlocko or self-congratulatory, this feeling intensifies to a point at which, suddenly . . . it becomes highly pleasurable."

Heard called the phenomenon "hathos," and ticked off a number of instances: "For many, watching Jerry Lewis 'take on his critics' in the waning hours of the Labor Day Telethon arouses this emotion; as does Sammy Davis Jr.'s Mr. Bojangles routine. . . . But for me, the chairman of the Hathos Board has always been no other than Old Rheum Eyes himself, Mr. Frank Sinatra."

The tragedy of artistic decline became farce. The baby boomers had made Frank a figure of fun.

What a difference a decade makes! Today Sinatra is everywhere. Last month an 80th birthday celebration was held in Los Angeles, featuring tributes from Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Salt-n-Pepa, Paula Abdul, and Hootie *sans* Blowfish. ABC will broadcast the festivities two days after Frank's birthday. In the last two years he has released two albums of old standards, *Duets* and *Duets II*. Conceived by the rock producer Phil Ramone, they pair Sinatra with such contemporary stars as Luther Vandross, Gloria Estefan, Julio Iglesias, Carly Simon, and Bono from the rock group U2. As music the albums are toxic. As product they're platinum—double platinum, in fact, having outsold every other Sinatra release. In 1994 he was awarded an honorary Grammy for Lifetime Achievement, and Bono took the stage to introduce him, bestowing the imprimatur of Generation X: "You know his story because it's your story," Bono said. "Frank Sinatra walks like America: cocksure."

AMONG PEOPLE WHO MATTER—AND THAT MEANS THE YOUNGEST COHORT OF CONSUMERS WITH DISPOSABLE INCOME—SINATRA IS NOW HIPPER THAN THE BEATLES.

Compare this with another recent quote from another GenX idol, Michael Stipe of the band REM: "I've never sat down and listened to a Beatles record from beginning to end. Those guys didn't mean a f—ing thing to me." The three-night, massively publicized ABC special "The Beatles Anthology" tanked in the ratings. It's no exaggeration to say that among people who matter—and in popular culture the people who matter are the youngest cohort of consumers with disposable income—Frank is hipper than the Beatles.

How to explain it? Unlike the Beatles, who are still close enough in time to be irony-proof, Frank can be kitsch—always a guarantee of big sales in our campy culture. One is reminded, too, of the old joke: Grandparents and grandchildren get along so well because they have a common enemy. Nothing could be more wounding than for a child of Beatlemaniacs to say that "Ring-a-ding-ding" speaks to him in a way that "Obla-di, Obla-da" does not.

But the music itself is really beside the point. One of Sinatra's former arrangers, Billy Byers, has said, "*Duets* would be valid artistically if only the kids were learning to appreciate Frank Sinatra [the musician]. But they're not investigating other Sinatra albums." What they're investigating, and buying, is the Sinatra attitude, known now as Attitude. Generation Xers face the Gauguin problem their grandparents faced, only in reverse. For tastes shaped by Bono and Michael Stipe, *Songs for Swingin' Lovers* must be tough going. But with the Frank persona, they feel right at home.

As long ago as 1984, the rock writer Stephen Holden identified Sinatra as "a kind of proto-punk rocker, spitting at the world with pugnacious arrogance." Now *there's* a guy kids today can look up to. Bono, in his uncontrolled way, finishes the thought: "Sinatra has got what we want: swagger and attitude. He's big on attitude. Serious attitude. Bad attitude. Frank's the chairman of the Bad. . . . I'm not going to mess with him. Are you?"

No, no. All that we can do—those of us caught in the middle, neither beatifiers nor detractors—is sit back and wonder at the durability, the resiliency, of Sinatra-ism, three decades after we thought it had been buried for good. It is once again Frank's world. We just live in it. ♦

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Books

THE MILLENNIUM CRUISE

By Scott M. Morris

The approaching millennium will be the occasion for a lot of serious commentary—after all, if intellectuals don't avail themselves of the opportunity to flex their philosophical muscles now, it will be another thousand years before the time will again be right. Any scholar, thinker, politician, theologian, or futurist who misses the boat is going to find it increasingly lonely back on the dock. In the spirit of the times, Conor Cruise O'Brien has braved dark waters in order to tell us about the new millennium. *On the Eve of the Millennium: The Future of Democracy Through an Age of Unreason* (Martin Kessler Books/The Free Press, 166 pages, $12) is not a big book, but it is, as they say, a provocative one, offering five wide-ranging essays with one central topic: "the future of the mainstream Enlightenment tradition."

O'Brien, it turns out, is worried about the future of the Enlightenment. In fact, he fears the Enlightenment is about to be done in, and though multiculturalism and the left come in for a share of the blame, the real enemy turns out to be religion. Specifically, O'Brien thinks the pope might join forces with Muslims and usher in another Dark Age by forming an "Alliance for the Repeal of the Enlightenment."

That is, to say the least, a bold assessment, leading one to wonder if O'Brien's Millennium Cruise may be the intellectual version of the *Titanic*. And if positing an alliance between the pope and Muslims to destroy the Enlightenment seems recklessly bold, the equivalent of charging full speed ahead into iceberg-infested waters, part of the problem may be that O'Brien seems unsure of whom he should trust to help him navigate.

At the heart of these essays there exists a tension between O'Brien's two intellectual mentors, Burke and Voltaire—between the great 18th-century defender of social structure and the great 18th-century assailant of established religion. On the one hand, O'Brien purports to be a "devotee of Burke, attempting to grapple with the theme of the millennium in a Burkean spirit." On the other, he confesses to being an "Old Voltairian." And while the essays testify powerfully to O'Brien's knowledge of, and high regard for, Burke (his last book was a biography of the great statesman and philosopher), in the end Voltaire gets the best of him.

One of the last distinguished journalist-historian-intellectuals to emerge from Ireland, O'Brien describes himself as a "child of the Enlightenment, but a somewhat chastened and battered one." He cites the usual, compelling reasons for his attenuated relationship with the Enlightenment: "Most of the great crimes of our century were perpetrated by people—Communists and Nazis—who regarded themselves as thoroughly emancipated from the superstitions of the past. They sacrificed human beings

Kent Lemon

Conor Cruise O'Brien

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by the millions in the service of pseudo-scientific doctrines devised by aggressive and over-confident intellectuals." For this reason, he explains, those who are to inhabit the third millennium will need an Enlightenment "that is aware that there is far more evidence extant in favour of the Christian doctrine of Original Sin than of Rousseau's doctrine of Original Virtue."

The problem is, while this "chastened" view of the Enlightenment animates many of O'Brien's most memorable philosophical asides, it plays little to no role in his analysis of the present and the future. For such matters, O'Brien seems to endorse an Enlightenment that hasn't been chastened at all, and Burke is tossed overboard to make room for Voltaire.

In the first essay of the book, "The Enlightenment and Its Enemies," O'Brien delineates what he understands to be the correct Enlightenment view when he praises what he takes to be the position held by American Catholics in response to papal decrees: "They have made rational decisions, based on their understanding of their own personal situation, as to what would be best for their own happiness on earth as married people, and for the happiness of their children. They have stuck to those decisions in the teeth of peremptory orders to the contrary, supposedly based on divine and revealed authority. These are classic Enlightenment positions." He's right, of course—they are classic Enlightenment positions. And as such, they do not square particularly well with a "Burkean spirit," nor are they exemplary of a "chastened" Enlightenment. What O'Brien finds praiseworthy here is taboo giving way to reason, and religious authority shrinking before the autonomy of the self.

Thus, while one might imagine that grappling with the millennium "in a Burkean spirit" would mean worrying about the continuation of a thoroughly secularized Western discourse among elites, or the unchecked power of capitalism to run roughshod over tradition and culture, or increasing trends toward internationalism, or the dissolution of family and community, O'Brien frets over the possibility of a union of the papacy and Islam, with a sinister John Paul II awaiting a "spiritual millennium, in which the religious of the world will be united for final victory over the irreligious."

And the *bête noire* lurking behind the magic year 2000 is not, say, the dehumanizing consequences of adopting what has come to be called the "quality of life" perspective, or of living in a world where people are defined in purely physical terms and where scientism reigns supreme. No, O'Brien's millennial monster is overpopulation. If a writer may be understood by what he admires, he may also be understood by what he fears. And Mr. O'Brien's most pressing fears are Voltairian, not Burkean—they are Enlightenment fears, not traditionalist ones.

It is possible, of course, to hold a "chastened" Enlightenment view. One can advocate toleration and democracy but still find legitimate territory for authority that appeals not to reason but to tradition and custom. One can accept that certain questions are beyond the scope of reason and hence appropriately handled by religious institutions. Such a position has been forcefully and frequently outlined by the philosopher Leszek Kolakowski.

Though it is doubtful Kolakowski would join an "Alliance to Repeal the Enlightenment," he persists in believing that contemporary problems are the result of rather too much Enlightenment thinking instead of too little. In an essay entitled "Modernity On Endless Trial," Kolakowski makes this clear: "Various traditional bonds which make human life possible . . . are not likely to survive without a taboo system, and it is perhaps better to believe in the validity of even apparently silly taboos than to let them all vanish. To the extent that rationality and rationalization threaten the very presence of taboos of our civilization, they corrode its ability to survive." Now *that* expresses the hopes and fears of a man who is a "chastened" child of the Enlightenment.

There is, to be sure, much to recommend about *On the Eve of the Millennium*. A wonderful section ponders Hitler's role in history as an essentially artistic one. O'Brien argues that Hitler's understanding of the composer Richard Wagner was not superficial but penetrating and that, in a significant way, it informed his approach to politics and mass manipulation.

Here O'Brien provides a keen warning against the dangers of a political process that seeks to entertain and politicians who garner votes by being good entertainers. His explication of the vulnerability of a post-Nietzschean world as a place ripe for terror does not break new ground, but it does provide a needed rebuke to those on the left who continue to be infected with the "cheerfulness" that Nietzsche wrote of in *The Gay Science*. His take on Jefferson leaves much to be desired, but what it lacks in prescience it makes up for in boldness and wit—"Yet if Jefferson was a deep political thinker, he kept his deep political thoughts to himself."

While O'Brien's *On the Eve of the Millennium* may not be a very reliable guide to the future, it remains an intelligent and entertaining one. In that respect, O'Brien proves himself an "old Voltairian" in the best sense of the term. ♦

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Movies

No Stars. Four Stars!

By John Podhoretz

It is, as the communists used to say, no accident that the best American movie of the year has no actors. The new Disney cartoon *Toy Story* is an example of cinematic storytelling of a sort we never get to see these days, because it is about the failings—moral and spiritual—of its characters. (I know this sounds like an absurd thing to say about a cartoon, but hear me out.) And in today's Hollywood, where movies must have a big opening weekend or they die, and the only guarantor of a big opening weekend is a star who can draw at the box office, no big-name performer is willing to play a weak character. An evil character, occasionally. But never, never a weak one. Stars are far too conscious of their own outsized grandeur to allow themselves to be seen as simply, nakedly human.

Toy Story is a brilliant piece of popular art not because it uses newfangled computer animation (though it looks breathtaking) but because it is a fully conceived and executed comedy about vanity and anxiety—in particular, the anxiety of Woody the cowboy and the vanity of Buzz Lightyear the space ranger. They are toys battling for supremacy in the room of a six-year-old boy whose other possessions include a neurotic Tyrannosaurus Rex, a snotty piggy bank, a toadying Slinky dog, and a Mr. Potato Head embittered by the lack of female companionship.

As the movie begins, Woody is the managing director of Andy's room; he gives pompous speeches about "plastic corrosion awareness," and organizes the toys into pairs so that every one will have a "moving buddy" when their owner's family changes houses in a week's time. Tom Hanks, the biggest star in Hollywood, is Woody's voice, and there's no chance he would actually take on this role if he had to show his face. In *Toy Story*, Woody actually plots to leave his rival behind during the moving by tricking Buzz into trapping himself behind a window seat. His plan goes awry, as Buzz falls instead out the window into the yard of the vicious boy next door, who performs fiendish experiments on his playthings.

Could this be Tom Hanks? No, only his voice, just his voice. Hanks gave some wonderful performances in the mid-80s as the prototypical shallow yuppie in movies like *Volunteers* and *Nothing in Common*, but he has now become the current cinematic representative of America as America would like itself to be—funny, comfortable with himself, and quietly heroic.

So it is with Tim Allen, television's biggest star, who gives voice to Buzz Lightyear. Like Hanks, he became a success playing damaged goods on his sitcom *Home Improvement*—a do-it-yourself expert with no manual dexterity whatsoever. But after playing St. Nick in his first movie, *The Santa Clause*, and discovering the joy of headlining a movie that made well over $100 million, you can be sure we won't be seeing Allen in anything but the most heroic poses next time out.

That's a special pity, because his vocal work as Buzz is utterly inspired. Almost every word he speaks is funny, and that is because he never steps out of character to show you he's in on the joke. And the joke, here, is on Buzz Lightyear. Good-natured, self-congratulatory, and utterly humorless, Buzz is the movie's most original creation: a toy bereft of self-knowledge. With the looks of a pre-1960s parody of a he-man, with Charles Atlas's shoulders and Rock Hudson's chin, Buzz believes himself to be a real-live space soldier on a mission to save the universe from the evil Emperor Zurg, and no effort of Woody's to convince him otherwise will avail.

Comedy demands that characters as vain, self-regarding, and self-deluding as these two be stripped of their illusions and forced to confront the truth about themselves. Buzz overhears a television commercial that finally proves he is a piece of plastic; later, he is hijacked by a little girl and forced to sit with dolls at a tea party, complete with a ladies' hat on his head. "I'm Mrs. Nesbit," he cries to Woody, drunk on imaginary tea. "Just tell me the hat looked good. It looked good, didn't it?" For his part, Woody must face banishment from Paradise—his owner's room—when the other toys believe him to be Buzz's assassin.

For the past five years, Disney's animated movies have been consistently the best studio product made in Hollywood. The Disney movies work because they are about only one thing: telling a simple story in a memorable way. Live-action films are now unable to do this, in large measure because stars and their vanities get in the way.

The technology used to make *Toy Story* is worrying Hollywood. High technology will create the stars of the future out of bits and bytes and RAM and ROM—Bogart's eyes, Brando's nose, Mel Gibson's tush—and may begin to eliminate humans entirely from the screen. A few years ago such a prospect would have seemed horrifying. After *Toy Story*, I can hardly wait. ♦

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Public & Private

ANNA QUINDLEN

Potty Politics

People ask me if I miss being a columnist. Of course I do. I hope I'm no bully but sometimes I sure miss the bully pulpit. Which is why I'm back for this guest appearance.

The other day I came across a diaper wedged in the corner of an old hamper. It had belonged to my six-year-old. A bit frayed at the edges, it must have been used many times, but it was still snowy white. As I caressed it inch by inch a proud half-smile crept across my face: Mom in her washerwoman mode had done well. But I also wondered how my mother and grandmothers had coped, back in the days before Maytag and Roe v. Wade.

Don't Pamper Bosnia.

At this point the diaper's original owner interrupted my reverie. "Mommy, do you mean you cleaned my poop off that thing?" he asked. You bet, I told him. And not only off that one but many hundreds of others. And not just his poop—but his sister's and brother's as well. The kid, God bless him, had hit upon an unfortunate truth: It's women who clean up the world's poop. Poop is us.

Which brings me to Bosnia. Bosnia is a pooped-up diaper if there ever was one. The aggressors are like those hard round clots all moms know: unless you scrape and scrape until your fingers are raw, they cling to the diaper and ruin it for everybody.

White males just can't get this analogy. They don't know the joys of motherhood. But even if they did, you can bet they wouldn't be willing to go in there and scrape and scrape, with their fingernails, until the tenacious clots of poop—the aggressors—were gone forever. But that is just what the United Nations, with our help, must do: scrape and scrape until all the aggressors are gone.

At a recent U.N. reception, I brought this up with Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali. He said he didn't understand what I was talking about. But I wouldn't give up. I cornered him near the bar and tried to explain step by step exactly what needed to be done in Bosnia. He listened politely for awhile, but then abruptly excused himself, walking away right in the middle of the spin cycle.

He just didn't get it—can't get what it all has to do with Maytag and Roe v. Wade. Not until the Security Council has some pro-choice women on it who know the joys of motherhood will the United Nations ever be able to scrape the offending international poop away.

I know what you're thinking. No one uses real diapers anymore. That's why millions of Pampers are clogging our landfills. You've got a point. In my weak moments, I admit, even I've used a few. But that doesn't mean that we women don't know the score. Some things you don't forget. Like riding a bicycle. Or how to clean poop.

Unlike Boutros Boutros-Ghali, my women friends understand me perfectly. They get it. They're mothers. They know that when you have a poop-caked diaper, you've got to go in there and scrape with all your might until you get out all the poop you can. Then you've got to soak it for two hours in Clorox before you put it in the machine and set it to "whites." And, don't forget, you've got to add some fabric softener so that the baby's behind doesn't get a rash.

Bosnia has worse than a rash. The United Nations not only forgot to use softener, it forgot—or worse, it failed—to pre-soak for two hours in Clorox. No woman would ever make that mistake.

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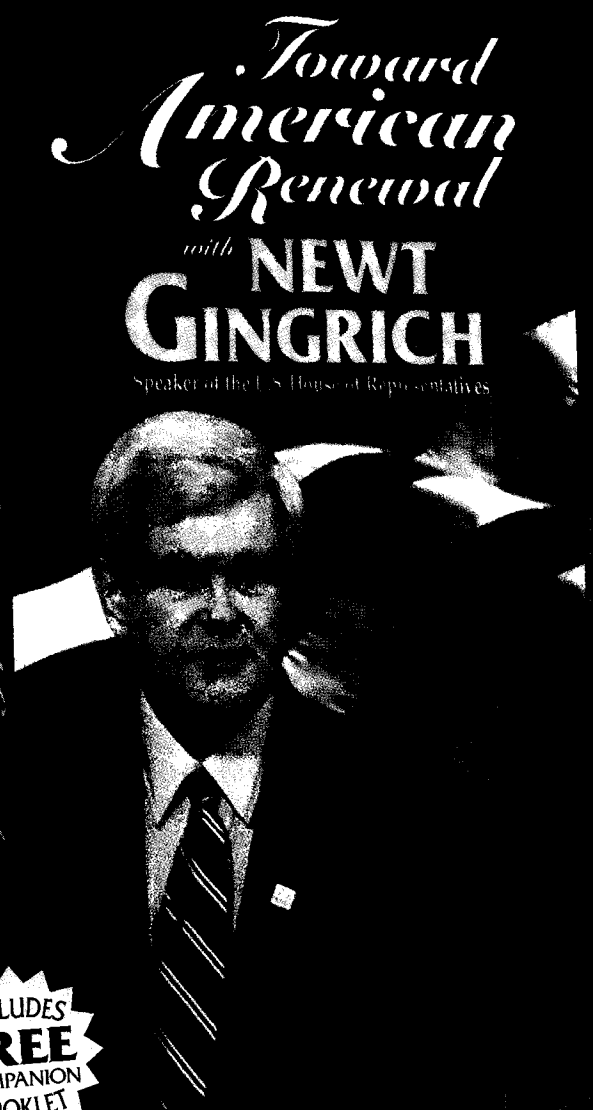

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